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THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS.

THE ROYAL CORONATION VISIT TO SCOTLAND

A PICTORIAL RECORD OF THE STATE VISIT OF HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN AND THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH TO HER NORTHERN CAPITAL.

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THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

SATURDAY, JULY 4, 1953.

THE QUEEN, HAVING ACCEPTED THE CROWN OF SCOTLAND, RETURNS IT TO THE BEARER, THE DUKE OF HAMILTON: THE CLOSING CEREMONY IN THE SERVICE OF THANKSGIVING IN ST. GILES' CATHEDRAL, EDINBURGH, ON JUNE 24.

The National Service of Thanksgiving and Dedication in St. Giles' Cathedral, Edinburgh, was the supreme event in the Queen's Coronation visit to Scotland. By her Majesty's wish, the Honours of Scotland, the Crown, Sword of State and Sceptre, were borne in public procession before her to St. Giles'. On entering the Cathedral the bearers of the Honours moved to the Sanctuary, and the very Rev. Dr. C. L. Warr, Dean of the Thistle, placed Crown, Sceptre and Sword on the Holy Table. At the close of the service, after the Dean had blessed the Queen, he took the Honours, one after another, from the Table and the Queen accepted each in turn, held it for a moment and returned it to the Bearer of each. She received the Crown last, and is seen returning it to the Bearer, the Duke of Hamilton, who receives it kneeling. The Duke of Edinburgh and Sir Thomas Innes of Learney, the Lord Lyon, are standing (l. and r.) behind the Queen.

By ARTHUR BRYANT.

THERE are few things, outside a murder or a particularly scandalous divorce, that the British public enjoys more than a row about an artist or an artistic production! For this majestic entity, though quite capable of appreciating on occasion an artistic production of the highest merit, is at heart suspicious of all artists. It does not go as far as George II. and hate "boetry and bainting," but it has an honest, philistine contempt for those who earn their living by artistic or literary processes; like its remote sixteenth-century ancestors of the first Elizabethan age and earlier, it classes them instinctively with "sturdy rogues and vagabonds." Even when it rewards them by buying their pictures, books or compositions, it still thinks of professional artistry as a rather dubious and underhand way of earning a living: something analogous to "dodging the column." I can not explain why this should be so, for it is not a universal human trait. The French, for instance, have a great respect for artists of all kinds and even deck the more solemn and successful of them in uniforms with gold braid and swords—a distinction reserved in England only for the military and the grander and ennobled kind of bureaucrat, company promoter, and trade union official. And the Germans have an absurd veneration for professors and the more useless kinds of doctor! But the English, like Gallio, care for none of these things. They honour the practitioners of the solid virtues: lawyers, accountants, shipbuilders, contractors, chairmen of committees, Civil Servants and the higher shopkeepers. If an Englishman of substance sees an artist hanging around his eligible daughter, he instinctively looks for a horse-whip! For the fellow, he reckons—probably rightly—will never be able to support her.

Yet, as the English are not an inartistic people and have patronised and enjoyed great art of many kinds, they recognise that there have to be artists. They allow them, within reasonable limits, to practise their curious and shady calling and even, on occasion—though never, I have noticed, for very long—make pets of them. Though whenever the English make a pet of a particular artist it is time, I find, to begin to write him down, for, as sure as night follows day, they will presently repudiate him and cast him into outer darkness! The greater the favourite, the greater the ensuing darkness; the name and memory of Byron remain a permanent reminder of it. And in our time, few things, I suspect, have afforded the British public more quiet satisfaction than the failure of the appeal for a national memorial to its old favourite, Bernard Shaw. The extent of its subscription to honour the memory of a man whom its newspapers had been hailing for half a century as the greatest dramatist since Shakespeare was less than that which any ordinary firm or employer bestows as a gratuity on one of its minor employees on retirement.

No observer of the British public's reactions can, therefore, have been much surprised by the *furore* that followed the performance of the State-commissioned Coronation Opera at Covent Garden. To have devoted to such a purpose even a few hundreds of the thousands of millions of pounds expended every year by the Government was asking for trouble; and to have commissioned as its composer the fashionable musical lion of the past decade was as good as signing his death-warrant. The loyal man must have accepted the commission with some misgiving, but even he can scarcely have anticipated the uproar that greeted his ceremonial achievement. If he had made his Tudor opera a series of variations on "The Red Flag," he could hardly have been more abused. I am told—for I did not have the privilege of hearing it—that it was a work of the highest musical distinction, though scarcely, one gathers, of a kind likely to be very popular. Everyone, however, without exception, appears to have enjoyed the intervals, which on an occasion like this is what really matters! And the commentary and correspondence in the Press have entertained millions who have never heard an opera in their lives.

Whether the attempt to subsidise grand opera in England is worth while is another matter. As I wrote earlier, the English, though suspicious of artists, are as capable of appreciating great art as any other people, but it has to be art of the kind that appeals to them. In art, as in everything else, they are insular, and Grand Opera never seems to have taken root in our island soil. To try to popularise it here, by State or any other means, is to struggle against nature, and that particularly stubborn form of nature, English nature. Even Handel, the greatest popular—in the highest sense of the word—composer of music that ever lived, failed dismally to make the British public take to his operas. They abound in exquisite songs, many of which have become part of our musical and even domestic heritage, but they are never acted, except—very occasionally—on the Third Programme of the B.B.C. His Oratorios, on the other hand, won him not only a statue in Westminster Abbey but a place in the British heart which no other artist except Shakespeare has ever filled. Why this should be so I can not explain, any more than I can explain why English boys take naturally to boats, or sailors, even when experienced riders, always look uneasy on horseback. It is a phenomenon of English nature.

Yet though grand opera has never been indigenous to this land, there is another form of musical entertainment which is peculiarly English and which, though often improved on elsewhere, we seem almost to have invented. It is the comedy of human nature interspersed with vocal airs—the "Canterbury Tales," as it were, in which the full heart suddenly overflows into song. The supreme example is the "Beggar's Opera"—that extraordinary but most English blend of good-humoured cynicism and exquisite popular melody, which again and again has taken the British public by storm and produced a box-office wonder. The last great occasion was after the First World War, when Nigel Playfair's production at the Lyric, Hammersmith, lit by Lovat Fraser's brilliant colours, ran for three years. Almost every generation since the eighteenth century has produced some successor, from the Dibdins' patriotic ballad operas in the great days of Hanoverian Britain's "naval victories" to Gilbert and Sullivan's light-hearted skits on Victorian grand opera. Lately the art has been practised with great success on the other side of the Atlantic, where American manners and folk music have been blended in much the same, though a rather more ephemeral, way. The last great English example of the art was Eleanor and Herbert Farjeon's "Two Bouquets"—an enchanting light opera of mid-Victorian songs whose revival by Anthony Vivian at the St. Martin's—now transferred to the larger Piccadilly Theatre—has been almost the most hopeful thing, after the Coronation itself, that has happened in England this year. It is all light and gaiety and grace, and full of songs that only Englishmen in the age of "Alice in Wonderland" and Nellie Farren could have written: songs of a people who were at the very top of the world and who had too much kindliness, good sense and humour to boast of it or care whether they were there or not. They are the songs of a wise, happy and enjoying people, and anyone who wants to understand the real greatness of Victoria's reign and of the English before they took the world's burden on their shoulders in two sacrificial World Wars and a valiant but half-suicidal social revolution, could not do better than spend an evening listening to these charming songs of a vanished but once real world, and sharing in the adventures, in Twickenham ballroom and Thames-side regatta, of Kate and Laura, Dear Mama and champagne-loving Papa, and the inimitable Edward, and pretty Patty Moss. It is as spirited as "Oklahoma!" and as English as "The Yeomen of the Guard." Not since A. P. Herbert's "Derby Day" have I seen anything on the stage that gave me so much pleasure or transported me and everyone in the theatre so lightly and irresistibly to the England that all those of us who are over fifty can remember, and which the destruction and waste of two World Wars for a time submerged but which is still, I believe, the real and underlying England. The Farjeons' regatta at Twickenham and A. P. Herbert's and Alfred Reynolds' noisy, happy Derby Day crowd are both part of an eternal English comedy mirrored by art that began on the day that the Wife of Bath rode out from the Tabard at Southwark on the road to Canterbury. Often, in our search for the exotic and fashionable, we miss the genius of the seemingly ordinary; I doubt, for instance, if any Englishman of our century, except Peter Warlock and Vaughan Williams in his noble "Hugh the Drover," has written any lovelier songs than those Alfred Reynolds composed for A. P. Herbert's lyrics in "Derby Day"—"The Black Horse Shall Not Die," "How Can I Think of Clever Words," "I Wish I Didn't Like You," and the beautiful invocation to Rose. They sprang so naturally from the hearts of simple Englishmen, like their author's words, that no one seemed to realise they were enchanted and such as only a great artist could have written. Perhaps that public benefactor, Lord Vivian, when the run of the "Two Bouquets" is over, will revive them for us.

THE QUEEN'S STATE ENTRY INTO HER NORTHERN CAPITAL: HER MAJESTY BEGINS HER DRIVE ALONG PRINCES STREET.

On the morning of June 23 her Majesty the Queen made her State entry into Edinburgh, her Northern Capital. After being greeted at Princes Street Station and after her acceptance and return of the keys of the city, she inspected a guard of honour mounted by the 2nd Battalion, Scots Guards, and began her progress along Princes Street to Holyroodhouse. The Castle was veiled in mist, but the streets were brilliantly decorated and packed with cheering and enthusiastic crowds, who broke into a roar of welcome as the Queen turned into Princes Street past St. John's Church (the moment of our photograph) in an open State landau drawn by four postillion-driven greys. Her Majesty wore an azure blue coat and a white hat, while the Duke of Edinburgh was in the uniform of an Admiral of the Fleet, with the green ribbon of the Thistle. The procession was headed by a detachment of Scots Greys in scarlet tunics and bearskins with white cockades. They were followed by the Lord Lyon and his officers in two coaches and the Royal landau with its Sovereign's Escort of the Household Cavalry. Two more carriages followed, bearing the Royal suite, and the Secretary of State for Scotland, Mr. James Stuart, after whom rode the heads of the Services in Scotland.

THE QUEEN ENTERTAINS AT HOLYROOD PALACE: HER MAJESTY STANDING (LEFT CENTRE) BETWEEN LINES OF HER GUESTS.

The Royal Garden Party at the Palace of Holyroodhouse on the afternoon of June 24, the day of the Service in St. Giles', was held in perfect weather, and the 8000 guests of her Majesty strolled on the great lawns in brilliant sunshine. The Queen, in a dress of pale delphinium blue, patterned in black, with a wide-brimmed hat and black gloves and shoes, came out with the Duke of Edinburgh just after 4 o'clock; and passed to the south side of the garden to mingle with the guests, while the Duke went to the north side. The bodyguard of Royal Archers kept eager guests from crowding too close to her Majesty while presentations were being made. Over 2000 cars were in the car park (left background) and hundreds of spectators on the slopes of Arthur's Seat enjoyed a distant view of the scene.

FLANKED ON EITHER SIDE BY A FILE OF FIVE ROYAL ARCHERS OF THE QUEEN'S BODYGUARD FOR SCOTLAND: THE QUEEN AND THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH DRIVING IN A STATE LANDAU DRAWN BY FOUR POSTILLION-DRIVEN GREYS TO ST. GILES' CATHEDRAL FOR THE NATIONAL SERVICE OF THANKSGIVING AND DEDICATION.

ACKNOWLEDGING THE TREMENDOUS CHEERS WITH WHICH SHE WAS GREETED: HER MAJESTY, WEARING A FULL-SKIRTED BLUE DRESS AND A CLOSE-FITTING HAT, SEATED BESIDE HER HUSBAND, THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH, WHO IS IN THE FULL DRESS UNIFORM OF A FIELD MARSHAL; AFTER THE SERVICE.

THE QUEEN DRIVES IN STATE THROUGH HER SCOTTISH CAPITAL: THE PROCESSION FROM HOLYROOD TO ST. GILES'.

Edinburgh welcomed the Queen and the Duke with Scottish loyalty, pride and immense enthusiasm when she paid her Coronation visit to the Scottish capital. June 24, when her Majesty drove in State through the streets from her Palace of Holyroodhouse to St. Giles' Cathedral for the National Service of Thanksgiving and Dedication, was for Edinburgh the greatest day of the visit. Never, since George IV. visited the city in 1822, had the Scottish Regalia, the ancient Honours of Scotland, been carried in public procession and played their part in Royal ceremonial. They were carried in two carriages in front of the State landau in which the Queen and the Duke drove, which, like her Majesty's carriage, were escorted by files of Royal Archers of the Queen's Bodyguard for Scotland.

THE HONOURS OF SCOTLAND: HISTORIC CEREMONIES REVIVED IN EDINBURGH.

BORNE FROM THE CROWN ROOM OF EDINBURGH CASTLE TO THE UPPER BANQUETING HALL: THE HONOURS OF SCOTLAND, WITH A GUARD OF THE ROYAL COMPANY OF ARCHERS.

LEAVING THE CASTLE FOR HOLYROOD: ROTHESAY HERALD BEARING THE SWORD, MARCHMONT HERALD THE SCEPTRE, AND THE LORD LYON, THE CROWN OF SCOTLAND.

ABOUT TO ENTER THE CARRIAGE IN WHICH THEY DROVE WITH THE HONOURS TO HOLYROOD: MARCHMONT HERALD, WHO BORE THE SCEPTRE, ROTHESAY HERALD BEARING THE SWORD, AND THE LORD LYON WITH THE CROWN.

OUTSIDE ST. GILES' CATHEDRAL BEFORE THE SERVICE OF NATIONAL THANKSGIVING AND DEDICATION: H.M. THE QUEEN WITH, BEHIND HER, THE DUKE OF HAMILTON BEARING THE CROWN; AND (LEFT) THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH, AT THE SALUTE.

DURING the State pageantry of the Queen's visit to Scotland, by her Majesty's command the Honours of Scotland, or Scottish Regalia, played their historic part in the ceremonial, this being the first time this had occurred since King George IV.'s visit to Edinburgh in 1822. Early on June 24 the Honours were removed from the Crown Room, Edinburgh Castle. Borne by Mr. W. D. Collier, the Queen's and Lord Treasurer's Remembrancer; his deputy, Mr. Jamieson; and Mr. J. T. Pirie, they were led by Mr. Robert Slater, Warden of the Regalia, escorted by a guard of the Royal Company of Archers under Sir Hugh Rose, to the Upper Banqueting Hall. There, in a short ceremony, they were received by the Lord Lyon King-of-Arms from two of the Commissioners for the Regalia, the Lord

[Continued opposite.

BORNE BEFORE THE QUEEN IN THE PROCESSION FROM HOLYROOD TO ST. GILES' ON JUNE 24: THE CROWN OF SCOTLAND, SUPPORTED ON A CUSHION BY THE DUKE OF HAMILTON. OPPOSITE HIM IN THE CARRIAGE ARE THE PAGES, HIS SONS, LORD JAMES DOUGLAS-HAMILTON AND LORD CLYDESDALE.

Continued.]

Justice-Clerk and the Lord Advocate. The Lord Lyon, Rothesay Herald and Marchmont Herald then bore them in procession, escorted by the guard of Archers to a waiting car, later entering a carriage in which they travelled to Holyrood, the Archers walking on either side, and preceded and followed by an escort provided by the Royal Horse Guards and The Royal Scots Greys. They were received at Holyrood by the Duke of Hamilton, Hereditary Keeper of the Palace. In the Royal procession to St. Giles' Cathedral for the National Service of Thanksgiving and Dedication, the Honours were borne in two carriages immediately before the Royal coach. The Duke of Hamilton bore the Crown, the Earl of Home the Sword, and the Earl of Crawford and Balcarres the Sceptre.

THE ROYAL PROCESSION LEAVES THE HIGH KIRK OF EDINBURGH : HER MAJESTY AND THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH, PRECEDED BY THE EARL OF CRAWFORD WITH THE SCEPTRE, AND THE DUKE OF HAMILTON BEARING THE CROWN, MOVE TOWARDS THE DOOR.

The Kirk of St. Giles, the High Kirk of Edinburgh, which is now usually referred to as the Cathedral of St. Giles, is closely associated with Scottish history, but never before has it seen a more moving and beautiful ceremony than the National Service of Thanksgiving and Dedication on June 24, which formed the most solemn event of the Queen's Coronation visit to Scotland. The congregation of 1600 people was representative, by the Queen's own wish, of every aspect of life in Scotland. Fifty robed peers were present, members of the Royal Company of Archers were stationed at various points, wearing their dark-green uniforms and with their bows; but workmen and fishermen in simple, homely dress were also to be seen. In his sermon, the Moderator of the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland, the Right Rev. Dr. James Pitt-Watson, referred to the fact that June 24 is the anniversary of the Battle of Bannockburn and that the young Queen who had come to receive " the homage of our love and loyalty " was descended from that Robert Bruce who on June 24, 1314, " put Scottish freedom to the touch to gain or lose it all."

VIGNETTES OF THE QUEEN'S VISIT TO EDINBURGH: SOME ROYAL OCCASIONS.

THE QUEEN RECEIVES THE KEYS OF EDINBURGH AND RETURNS THEM TO THE LORD PROVOST, SIR JAMES MILLER, SAYING "THEY CAN NOT BE PLACED IN BETTER HANDS. . . ."

SMILING AT THE WELCOME OF HER LOYAL CITIZENS OF EDINBURGH: HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN, WITH THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH, DRIVING IN PRINCES STREET, DURING THE STATE ENTRY.

THE QUEEN AND THE LORD PROVOST ADMIRE THE CHERRY-TREE THE QUEEN HAS JUST PLANTED IN THE MEADOWS NEAR GEORGE SQUARE, WITH A SILVER-PLATED SPADE USED BY QUEEN ALEXANDRA IN 1900.

THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH PLANTING A TREE, A DOUBLE CHERRY, IN CORONATION WALK, IN THE MEADOWS. THIS TREE IS TO BE THE HEAD OF AN AVENUE.

AT THE GARDEN PARTY AT HOLYROODHOUSE: THE QUEEN TALKING WITH THE EARL OF STAIR, CAPTAIN GENERAL OF THE ROYAL COMPANY OF ARCHERS, THE QUEEN'S BODYGUARD FOR SCOTLAND.

IN THE FORECOURT OF HOLYROODHOUSE: THE QUEEN MEETS *CRUACHAN*, THE PONY WHICH IS THE MASCOT OF THE 1ST BN., THE ARGYLL AND SUTHERLAND HIGHLANDERS.

We show on this page some vignettes of the first two days of the Queen's State visit to Scotland. When she arrived at Princes Street Station on June 23 she was met by the Lord Provost of Edinburgh, who presented her with the keys "of your Majesty's good town of Edinburgh." These she accepted and returned to the good keeping of the Lord Provost and Magistrates. After the State drive to Holyroodhouse, the Queen inspected there a guard of honour mounted by the 1st Bn., The Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders, who recently returned from service in Korea. After a civic luncheon at the City Chambers, the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh each planted a double-flowered cherry in the Meadows, a favourite Edinburgh playground near George Square and the Royal Infirmary. The later afternoon of June 23 was marked by a presentation party at Holyroodhouse; and on the afternoon of June 24 there was a garden party in the garden of the Palace of Holyroodhouse, attended by about 8000 guests. This party, unlike the misty previous day, was marked by brilliant sunshine.

GLASGOW AND PAISLEY WELCOME THE QUEEN: THE ROYAL VISIT TO THE WEST OF SCOTLAND.

LEAVING A GAILY DECORATED HOUSE IN THE SCOTTISH VETERANS' GARDEN CITY, PENILEE, WHICH SHE HAD VISITED: THE QUEEN, FOLLOWED BY LORD ROSEBERY.

THE ENTHUSIASM OF YOUTH EXPRESSED WITH UNRESTRAINED JOY: 50,000 YOUNGSTERS GREETING HER MAJESTY AT HAMPDEN PARK ON JUNE 25.

THE ROYAL VISIT TO GLASGOW: THE SCENE OUTSIDE THE CITY CHAMBERS DURING THE INSPECTION OF THE 1ST BN., SCOTS GUARDS BY THE QUEEN ON JUNE 25.

THE CROWN FORMED BY SCOUTS AND MEMBERS OF THE BOYS' BRIGADE; AND TENTS SPELLING OUT "WELCOME": THE DISPLAY AT HAMPDEN PARK.

The Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh left Holyrood at 9.25 a.m. on June 25 for their visit to the West of Scotland. Paisley was the first objective, where the Royal engagements included a visit to the Scottish Veterans' Garden City, Penilee, where her Majesty entered the house of Mr. James Wilson, which bears a plaque recording that it was the gift of the Scottish comedian, Sir Harry Lauder. The Royal party reached Glasgow at 12.30 p.m. for lunch in the City Chambers, following an inspection by the Queen of the 1st Bn., Scots Guards. So great was the enthusiasm of the huge crowds that the police had difficulty in controlling them, and the Queen was obviously anxious about the safety of children in the front ranks. After lunch her Majesty visited Hampden Park for the Youth Rally, at which 50,000 youngsters cheered themselves hoarse on her arrival. She remained until the close of the programme, which included displays by Scouts and Boys' Brigade members, who formed themselves into a crown; and pitched tents to spell out "Welcome" to the Queen, and her name. Rutherglen was then visited, and the Queen and the Duke returned to Edinburgh, arriving at the Palace of Holyroodhouse at 6.25 p.m.

ILLUSTRATING THE ENTHUSIASM WITH WHICH THE CROWDS GREETED THEM: THE QUEEN AND THE DUKE ARRIVING AT HAMPDEN PARK, GLASGOW, ON JUNE 25 FOR THE YOUTH RALLY.

THE COLOURFUL SCENE AT MURRAYFIELD RALLY OF YOUTH: SCHOOLCHILDREN PERFORMING A FLORAL DANCE WITH GROUPS OF ROSE GIRLS UNDER MAUVE CANOPIES, WITH SCOTTISH EMBLEMS.

ACCEPTING A BOUQUET OF ROSES FROM ONE OF THE ROSE GIRLS: HER MAJESTY AT MURRAYFIELD, WHERE SHE AND THE DUKE WATCHED A DISPLAY ON THE INTERNATIONAL RUGBY GROUND.

YOUNG SCOTLAND GREETS THE YOUNG QUEEN WITH HEARTFELT ENTHUSIASM: CHEERING CROWDS AND GAY PAGEANTRY AT MURRAYFIELD, EDINBURGH AND HAMPDEN PARK, GLASGOW.

Young Caledonia's enthusiasm for the young Queen was displayed aboundingly during the Royal visit to Scotland. On June 25, during the course of their visit to Glasgow and Paisley, the Queen and the Duke had a rousing reception from the thousands of boys and girls assembled at the Hampden Park Youth Rally, where they watched various displays (illustrated on another page of this issue). On the afternoon of June 27 her Majesty and the Duke spent two hours at Murrayfield International Rugby Ground watching a display and pageant. The items included picturesque floral and rose dances, a demonstration by men and dogs of the R.A.F. Police Dog Training Centre, and displays by the Sea Cadet Corps, the Air Training Corps, the Royal Scottish Country Dance Society and other bodies. Leaders of the various youth organisations concerned, with Mr. J. B. Frizell, Director of Education, were presented to her Majesty during the afternoon.

SHOWING THE LORD LYON IN HIS MEDIÆVAL TABARD, AND THE HERALDS, ON THE LEFT: THE QUEEN AND THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH OUTSIDE EDINBURGH CASTLE.

LEAVING EDINBURGH CASTLE: THE QUEEN AND THE DUKE IN A LANDAU (LEFT), WITH AN ESCORT OF THE HOUSEHOLD CAVALRY AND A DETACHMENT OF THE ROYAL SCOTS GREYS.

THE QUEEN AND THE DUKE AT EDINBURGH CASTLE: THE PICTURESQUE CEREMONIAL OF THE PRESENTATION OF THE KEY.

Her Majesty and the Duke of Edinburgh drove from Holyrood in an open landau with a Sovereign's Escort of the Household Cavalry and a detachment of The Royal Scots Greys on June 27. The Lord Lyon was stationed at the drawbridge and, at the Queen's command, he summoned the Castle to open its gates. After a fanfare, the sergeant of the guard called from the battlements, "Halt! Who goes there?" and the Lord Lyon replied "Her Majesty the Queen." The gate was then opened and the Governor came out, followed by an officer bearing the key, which her Majesty touched in sign of acceptance. At this moment the Union Flag was lowered and the Royal Standard hoisted; and the Queen and the Duke entered the Castle.

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD.

AMERICAN SUBMARINES IN THE PACIFIC.

By CYRIL FALLS,

Chichele Professor of the History of War, Oxford.

THE part played by submarines of the United States Navy in the Pacific has been well established. Statistics have shown that they destroyed far more Japanese merchant ships and tankers than any other agent, far more, in fact, than all others put together: "Navy Air," "Army Air" and mines. The loss inflicted by them upon the Japanese Navy was also very heavy. Figures and graphs have been published. Yet in this country little conception of the extent of their achievement exists. It may be more clearly recognised in the United States, yet I doubt whether it is fully realised by the general public even now. The submarine was certainly one of the deadliest weapons of the Second World War. The book now before me contains no statistics, except occasionally those of individual submarines, but it gives something which can not be discovered from statistics, how and why their successes were obtained.*

Commander Edward L. Beach, now Naval Aide to President Eisenhower, is fortunate to be alive to write his story. Posted to the *Trigger*, one of the most famous submarines, in May 1942, he made ten operational patrols in her, in which thirty-six Japanese ships were sunk or damaged. Then he was transferred for one patrol to the *Tirante*—part of his fortune, because the gallant *Trigger* came to an unknown end—and just before the cessation of hostilities got his first command, a new boat, the *Piper*, in which he made a single cruise of great daring; but this was ended when peace came over the wireless. After the war he commanded the first "guppy snorkel" high-speed submarine, a new *Trigger*. An introduction from his old chief is something a fighting man turned writer may be proud of. This book is introduced by Vice-Admiral Charles A. Lockwood, who was "Comsubpac" in the war and not an easy commander to please. I have read so many war books by now that I am a little tired of those dealing with the last war, though I always have time for others; but I was enthralled by this from first to last.

PHOTOGRAPHED THROUGH THE PERISCOPE OF *Trigger*, THE U.S. SUBMARINE WHICH SANK HER: THE JAPANESE DESTROYER *Okikase* GOING DOWN ON AN EVEN KEEL.

This astonishing photograph illustrates an episode in "Submarine," by Commander Edward L. Beach, U.S. Navy, reviewed on this page; but it does not form part of the book. The U.S. submarine *Trigger* sank the *Okikase* when on her third war patrol in December 1942, in the shallow coastal waters off Japan. A hit just forward of the bridge has broken off the bow, and *Okikase* is going down on an even keel.

The whole book is not devoted to the cruises in which the writer took part. In fact, his own boat takes the odd numbers and others the even in a series of eighteen chapters. The others are different on each occasion, except for *Seawolf*, a celebrated boat allotted two chapters. *Seawolf, Tang, Albacore* and *Trigger* herself make their appearance in Rear-Admiral Morison's history of the Navy in World War II. Personally, I prefer Commander Beach's story of his own ships, and this for a reason which furnishes the sole criticism of any importance I have to make. I think it a pity to introduce too much local atmosphere unless you were in it. "A white-faced operator turns to the skipper." He might have had a purple complexion and been incapable of turning white. I hasten to say that when I have made such a criticism in the past it has been much more serious than now. The writer never employs this technique unless the submarine has returned with her log or, in a single case where one was lost with almost all hands, where her commander came back from a Japanese prison camp to tell the tale himself. It is evident that Commander Beach has taken great trouble with the records of submarines other than those in which he himself sailed.

Splendid as is the record of the United States submarines in the war against Japan, there can be no suggestion that the accounts here set down are representative of it as a whole. These are picked cruises by the best captains. That fact is in itself instructive. It teaches a layman like myself something that he can not have fully realised before. To win success in this war captains had to do more than their duty. It was those who were supreme daredevils as well as highly skilful who inflicted the heaviest damage on the Japanese. They were the men who were sent to the most vital and heavily defended routes and regions. Others might patrol in a manner hardly to be found fault with and yet effect little, returning with many of their torpedoes unexpended.

* "Submarine." By Commander Edward L. Beach, United States Navy. (Heinemann; 15s.)

Let us suppose that a captain sinks a freighter in a convoy. His boat is then "worked over" for hours by destroyers with depth-charges. By almost a miracle she escapes with seams leaking and an alarming amount of water in the motor-room bilges. The ordinary man calls it a day. Who can blame him? The Roy Benson or the George Street, to name two great captains under whom the author served, sails round that convoy on the surface, tackles it again, and perhaps inflicts enormous damage on it at the second encounter.

When Dick O'Kane meets a big, strongly guarded convoy, including three tankers, he wants those three, not one. He begins firing on the nearest at a range of 300 yards, in the dark. All three immediately burst into flames. Quarters are so close that there is no time to dive when a big transport tries to ram, and he contrives to avoid the onrushing bow by a matter of feet. Meanwhile the transport is swinging to avoid a freighter which has also tried to ram, and offers the chance of a shot. That chance is taken. The scene ends with a frightful collision between the Japanese ships at the very moment that four more torpedoes from *Tang* strike home. As she races away from the scene it is discovered that the engagement resulting in the destruction of a convoy of five ships has lasted ten minutes. That cruise ended with an attempt to do just a little too much, but O'Kane is the captain I have mentioned as emerging alive at the end of the war.

The losses inflicted upon the Japanese would have been heavier still had it not been for the high proportion of defective torpedoes in the earlier stages. Again and again they did everything but what they should have done, including circling and returning like a boomerang to the boat which had fired them. Lieut.-Commander Warder, captain of *Seawolf*, was so determined to demonstrate these shortcomings that, when he was attacking shipping in a little harbour of Mindanao, he fired each "fish" separately, recorded each performance, and photographed the scene through the periscope. When the torpedoes had clearly failed, he replaced them with obsolete Mark X. "fish," crept back into that bay, and this time sank the *Sagami Maru*, which had survived the previous attack. On the other hand, the American superiority—at first, indeed, it might rather be called a monopoly—in radar was of immense advantage. This comes out clearly in accounts of war between submarine and submarine.

A JAPANESE HOSPITAL SHIP PHOTOGRAPHED THROUGH THE PERISCOPE OF AN AMERICAN SUBMARINE ON WAR PATROL IN THE PACIFIC. NO ATTACK WAS, OF COURSE, MADE ON HER.

The Japanese hospital ship shown in this photograph taken through the periscope of an American submarine, was not, of course, the object of any attack, and was not sunk. Red crosses are visible on the stacks and amidships on the white-painted hull.

In all, twenty-five Japanese submarines are reported to have been destroyed by their American counterparts. Five American are pretty well known to have been destroyed by Japanese, but there may have been more; little is known of the end of most lost American boats owing to the destruction or the bad quality of the Japanese records. One of the most astounding chapters describes the cruise of *Batfish*, in which she destroyed three Japanese submarines, a feat surely unique in naval warfare. It began with a wavering of the radarscope suggesting the presence of another radar, a weak one. The captain reasoned thus: "If this radar came from a vessel as large as a destroyer, he should have been detected on *Batfish's* radar before the emanations from his low-powered radar had been noticed. . . . Since the radar waves had been the first to be picked up, it followed that the ship must be small and low on the water. Yet it must be a valuable ship, sufficiently important to rate one of the few radar sets the Nips possessed. *Hence, a submarine.*" To the horror of a crew who did not know the process of thought, the captain's first action was to secure his own radar.

One can gather from this chapter that, despite the terrors of "ash-cans," the slang for depth-charges, submarine *v.* submarine is the most nerve-racking form of fighting. If a submarine commander gets a hint that another has "got a drop on him," has detected him first and submerged—and he will be lucky to learn that much—his only sane action will be to get away as fast as he can. Commander Beach goes on to tell us that this cruise in which Jake Fyfe sank three hostile submarines in four days has been constantly discussed since and that it has helped to inspire far-reaching plans to solve the problem of how to set a submarine to kill a submarine. And, writing seven years after the exploit of *Batfish*, he adds that "something is being done about it." The kernel of a problem in which either may become the hunter and either the hunted must lie in prior detection.

A REMARKABLE PERISCOPE PHOTOGRAPH: A 7000-TON JAPANESE TRANSPORT, HER BOW ALREADY UNDER WATER, SINKING AFTER BEING STRUCK BY TORPEDOES FROM THE U.S. SUBMARINE *Wahoo*.

One of the chapters in "Submarine," the book reviewed on this page, is devoted to the remarkable exploits of the U.S. submarine *Wahoo*, commanded by Lieut.-Commander Dudley W. Morton. Our photograph, which is not reproduced in the book, shows a Japanese 7000-ton transport which she torpedoed during a war patrol north of New Guinea. She is one of the four ships of a convoy destroyed by *Wahoo*.

The "History of United States Naval Operations in World War II." has not reached this great achievement of *Batfish*, but it will assuredly not pass it by unnoticed.

Commander Beach was in *Trigger* in July 1943, off Tokyo, when she hit the brand-new carrier *Hitaka*, out on a maiden trial trip. The first two torpedoes "prematured," that is, exploded just short of the target, which otherwise would almost certainly have been sunk, but as it was went back to dock for a long period at a critical stage of the war. A year later *Hitaka* was sunk by carrier-based aircraft *on her maiden voyage* in the First Battle of the Philippine Sea. That day American airmen, search as they would, could find only three Japanese carriers, though more aircraft than the complement of three were seen in the air. Again submarines had been busy. *Albacore* had sunk *Taiho*, and *Cavalla* had sunk *Shokaku*, the latter a veteran of the attack on Pearl Harbour and one of the most famous and successful carriers of the war. *Taiho* was probably caught because the captain of *Cavalla* strictly obeyed his orders to report rather than attack, and Pacific Fleet command ordered a redistribution of submarine forces. It was rare poetic justice that his abnegation should later on bring such a reward. This was war on the Japanese Navy with a vengeance.

We seem to live with captains and crews in the accounts of these patrols. Commander Beach undoubtedly possesses a remarkable gift of realistic writing and for the handling of tactical detail in the most interesting possible way. He also brings out the fact that for the submarine and her crew the term "cruel sea" is a misnomer. The sea and its depths are their refuge. Only in the depths can they hope to survive attack by their enemies. Their most deadly peril is to be caught in water of insufficient depth to afford protection or, far worse still, water so shallow that a dive in it is impossible. They do not hesitate to enter such water if the circumstances demand it, but they are uncommonly glad to get clear of it at the first opportunity. It is given to few to equal the experiences of Commander Beach, who, before he left *Trigger*, found himself her oldest inhabitant, having forcibly expelled a coloured messman who disputed the honour. As soon as his back was turned, however, the coloured messman came back aboard. *Trigger* had a great record, but I am not sure that the single cruise in *Tirante* which followed does not make the best story of the whole collection.

ONE OF THE MOST BRILLIANT SCENES OF THE QUEEN'S VISIT TO SCOTLAND: HER MAJESTY SPEAKING AFTER PRESENTING NEW COLOURS TO THE 1ST BATTALION, THE ARGYLL AND SUTHERLAND HIGHLANDERS, IN THE GARDENS OF HOLYROODHOUSE, BENEATH THE HEIGHTS OF ARTHUR'S SEAT.

ON the morning of June 26—in brilliant sunshine—the Queen presented new Colours to the 1st Bn., The Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders in the gardens of the Palace of Holyroodhouse. The regiment, in the black and dark green of their tunics and kilts and their spats brilliantly white, had marched with pipes and drums from the Castle and reached the lawns of the Palace, where they found a great gathering of military guests of the Queen, and thousands of spectators watched the spectacle from Arthur's Seat and Salisbury Crags. The Queen, who is Colonel-in-Chief of the Regiment, was accompanied by the Duke of Edinburgh, who was wearing the uniform of the Colonel-in-Chief of The Queen's Own Cameron Highlanders (an honour recently conferred on him by the Queen). The Queen was dressed in white and yellow. Among the distinguished guests

[Continued opposite.

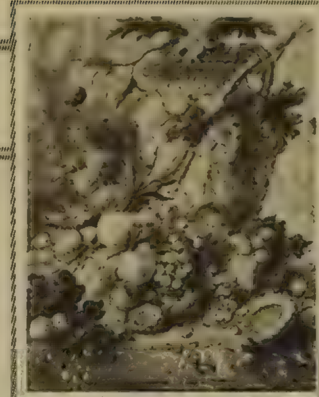
QUEEN ELIZABETH INSPECTING THE 1ST BN., THE ARGYLL AND SUTHERLAND HIGHLANDERS BEFORE PRESENTING NEW COLOURS: FOLLOWING HER, THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH IN THE UNIFORM OF COLONEL-IN-CHIEF, THE QUEEN'S OWN CAMERON HIGHLANDERS.

Continued.]

were the Highland chieftains, the Duke of Argyll and the Duke of Sutherland. Following the Royal Salute, the Queen inspected the ranks of the regiment, and sometimes paused to speak to the men in the ranks. After this, the old Colours were uncased, trooped and dipped in salute for the last time as they passed the Queen. Next, the new Colours were dedicated by the Assistant Chaplain-General, the Rev. J. A. Williamson, and presented by the Queen to the two "sons of the Regiment"—Lieutenant Darroch and Lieutenant Robertson. In her speech the Queen referred to the great tradition and record of the Battalion, and also spoke with regret of the passing of the 2nd Battalion, "the Thin Red Line," and the only infantry regiment to bear "Balaclava" on its Colour. She also spoke of the regiment's service in Korea and the Victoria Cross won by Major Muir.

A STIRRING MILITARY OCCASION AT HOLYROOD: HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN PRESENTS NEW COLOURS TO THE 1ST BATTALION, THE ARGYLL AND SUTHERLAND HIGHLANDERS

IN AN ENGLISH GARDEN.



WALL GARDENING, AND OTHER MATTERS.

By CLARENCE ELLIOTT, V.M.H.

ALTHOUGH my garden is compassed all about by stone walls, and divided up in various directions by still more, I find, to my regret, that apart from giving a certain amount of shelter, these walls do not lend themselves readily to actual gardening. They are what are known as dry walls, and are of the typical Cotswold variety. They are built, that is to say, with flattish pieces of undressed stone fitted together without mortar or cement, and without even soil to fill the spaces between them. Considered purely as walls they are probably as beautiful as any in the country. But as supports for climbers which are not self-clingers, such as roses, clematis or jasmine, they are difficult, as one can not knock in nails as with a brick or a mortar-built wall, and fixing wires for them almost amounts to a builder's job. Nor do these dry walls lend themselves to growing such plants as pinks, saxifrages, wallflowers, aubrietia and the rest. It is no use planting in what amounts to nothing but a honeycomb of air spaces. Here and there it is possible to stuff in enough soil to support life for some cliff-dwellers, but for the most part the best one can do is to establish assorted stonecrops and house-leeks along the tops of these lovely but inhospitable walls.

A SORT OF HOTEL LOUNGE FOR INTERNATIONAL GUESTS: THE "ELEPHANT STEPS" IN MR. ELLIOTT'S GARDEN. (RIGHT) THE RESIDENTS THEREIN, IN AN ENLARGED SECTION OF THE SAME PHOTOGRAPH. (TOP LEFT) *Erinus alpinus*; (RIGHT) *Lewisia cotyledon* IN FLOWER, WITH A NERINE BULB AND LEAF, BELOW AND RIGHT; AND (LEFT) *Æthionema grandiflora*. AT THE BOTTOM OF THE UPPER PICTURE CAN BE SEEN THE LEAF ROSETTE OF *Lewisia tweedyii*.

There is, however, one small piece of wall in my garden which I have been able to plant with species which enjoy a cliff-like home. At the end of a long, stone-built cowshed, and leading up to the hayloft above it, there is a great flight of stone steps. In design they look like the brick or stone mounting-steps which may still be seen in old stable yards, and which were for the use of those who were not able, or prepared, to vault into the saddle in the approved manner. But these steps of mine are about 9 ft. high. They would be perfect for mounting an elephant, and are known, in the family, as "The Elephant Steps." The elephant idea is emphasised by the fact that only a few yards away there is an enormous stone barn—not mine—which would make a fine, roomy stable for a dozen or so elephants. These steps are built of roughly-dressed limestone, and a certain amount of mortar—now nicely mellow and crumbly—was used. It was in the seams in the face of these Elephant Steps that I started wall gardening two or three years ago. It was not as easy as it looked at first sight. I soon found that the interior of the steps was filled with coarse rubble and air spaces. I selected a promising-looking crevice between two stone blocks and started to push in soil, only to find that, when a whole bucket-full had gone in, the crack was still asking for more. And so it was with every crack that I planted. To fill all the voids within the Elephant Steps would have taken a cartload of soil. It couldn't be done. Instead, I prepared each of the more promising crevices by stuffing in a planting medium composed of sphagnum moss mixed with a fair amount of loam, and a rich dusting of bone meal. This I coaxed and rammed in with a narrow, flat, wooden rammer, until I was satisfied that there was a volume of moss extending in, good and solid, to a distance of about a foot or 18 ins. Finally I planted these prepared crevices with a variety of young plants. There were a few failures, but those plants which have taken hold are enjoying life enormously. One of the bright-coloured forms of *Erinus alpinus* is particularly well suited. It presses itself out flat against the perpendicular stone face, revelling in the situation like a lizard on a sun-baked rock. *Draba aizoides* seems equally at home. This came from seeds pressed into a crevice, where it soon germinated and took charge. The seed was sent to me, collected from wild or naturalised plants, in the neighbourhood of Swansea. The dwarf form of *Saponaria ocymoides* (*S. o. rubra compacta*) has formed a concise bulge 6 ins. across, and was a solid mass of carmine for a week or two. *Æthionema grandiflora*—a couple of seedlings—have now formed small bushes with woody trunks the thickness of my pen. They hang out from the wall face, brilliant rose-pink when flowering, somewhat untidy looking, but thoroughly at home. *Campanula aucheri* has been perhaps the greatest success of all—the life and soul of the party. At flowering-time it filled a 6-in. space with big, closely-packed, wide-open violet bells on short stems, a really fine sight, though short-lived. But the plant itself looks happy enough. *Sedum dasyphyllum album* has taken charge of one or two unprepared crevices and filled them with compact domes of its round, fleshy leaves like clots of pearl-grey dust-shot, with a dense cloud of frothy white blossom in July.

Lastly, there are three strangely assorted companions for this otherwise rather Alpine gathering. Two Lewisias and a Nerine. *Lewisia cotyledon* has settled in most comfortably and flowered profusely, with its umbels of striped pink blossoms. *Lewisia tweedyii* looks extremely healthy, with fine, broad, green leaves, but has not yet flowered. Its health has surprised me, as I had been assured that it was an inveterate lime-hater. Yet here it is in limestone rock, decaying mortar and bone meal, as sleek and bobbish as you please. The Nerine is *N. bowdeni* Fenwick's variety. I stuffed a bulb into a crevice rather larger than the rest this spring. It looks supremely happy, and if it eventually produces its umbels of deep-pink, lily-like blossoms it should make a most unusual picture.

In discussing the rock-garden exhibits at Chelsea Flower Show recently, I criticised adversely the practice of mixing true High Alpines with such un-Alpine things as hybrid azaleas, fuchsias, gazanias, etc., yet here I have mixed Alpines with the Californian Lewisias and a South African Nerine. Let me explain. What I dislike is the mixture of Alpines *in a rocky Alpine setting* with sophisticated un-Alpine aliens. Here on the Elephant Steps the environment is quite unspecialised. There is nothing to suggest either the Alps, California or South Africa. The meeting of these plants is akin to a gathering of many nations in—shall we say?—an hotel lounge.

"THERE IS ANOTHER SMALL, ISOLATED PIECE OF WALL PLANTING IN MY GARDEN. ON THE STONE DRIP-LEDGE ABOVE A GROUND-FLOOR WINDOW I PLANTED, ABOUT FIVE YEARS AGO, A SMALL SPECIMEN OF COBWEB HOUSELEEK (*Sempervivum arachnoideum*). THERE IT HAS TAKEN HOLD, FLOURISHED AND FLOWERED TO THE ASTONISHMENT OF THE FEW FOLK WHO SPOT IT, AND THOSE WHO ARE NOT FAMILIAR WITH THE MIRACULOUS WAYS OF HOUSELEEKS."

Photographs by J. R. Jameson.

Other Matters. I planted my Coronation tree—or trees, there were two of them—a few days before the event. In selecting the sort of tree to plant, I had felt that it should certainly be some native British species. Perhaps, too, it should be a long-lived tree—an oak or yew, good for a thousand or so years, and to be marked with a plaque of platinum or some nice, durable metal. In the end I compromised with silver birch, one of the most purely beautiful of all British trees, if not the longest lived. A few years ago I had planted a *Clematis macropetala* in a 9-in. pot for bringing into the house when in flower. With it, as a natural living support, I planted a young birch. The two lived and developed on the best of terms, and were delightful when the white and powder-blue blossoms floated lightly among the tender, fresh leaves of the birch. The experiment was such a success that I planted a specimen of the pink and white variety of *Clematis macropetala* with another birch, in another pot. I planted the original birch-clematis pair on a lawn close to my house, and as consort I planted the second, the pink-flowered birch-clematis. The two trunks are no more than 6 ins. apart, and the little trees just under 5 ft. tall. They are to grow up to full stature, looking almost like one tree, in grace and beauty and close companionship. That, then, was my Coronation planting. I mentioned other matters—plural. Another time.

THE INSTALLATION OF THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH AS A KNIGHT OF THE THISTLE: THE QUEEN, SOVEREIGN OF THE ORDER, AND HER CONSORT ROBED. THE PAGE IS THE HON. DAVID BRUCE.

WITH THE DUKE, WHO IS WEARING FOR THE FIRST TIME HIS UNIFORM AS COLONEL-IN-CHIEF OF THE QUEEN'S OWN CAMERON HIGHLANDERS: THE QUEEN OUTSIDE HOLYROOD.

INSPECTING THE 1ST BN., THE KING'S OWN SCOTTISH BORDERERS IN CROWN SQUARE: HER MAJESTY, FOLLOWED BY THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH, IN THE CASTLE ON JUNE 27.

LIGHTING A BEACON IN QUEEN'S PARK WHICH SHE VISITED FOR THE SPORTS GYMKHANA ON JUNE 27: HER MAJESTY. RUNNERS CARRIED TORCHES FROM IT TO THE TOP OF ARTHUR'S SEAT.

THE INSTALLATION OF THE DUKE IN THE THISTLE CHAPEL; AND OTHER CEREMONIES OF THE QUEEN'S VISIT TO EDINBURGH.

On June 28 the Installation of the Duke of Edinburgh as a Knight of the Thistle, postponed owing to his illness last year, took place in the Chapel of the Thistle. Crowds assembled to see the Queen, Sovereign of the Order, and the Duke, both wearing their green velvet robes, drive from the Palace of Holyroodhouse. After the ceremony her Majesty and her Consort, still robed, preceded by the nine Knights of the Thistle who attended, and by the Lord Lyon, Heralds and Pursuivants, walked in procession to St. Giles' for the Morning Service. On June 26, when her Majesty presented new Colours to the 1st Bn., The Argyll and, Sutherland Highlanders, the Duke wore, for the first time, his dress uniform as Colonel-in-Chief of The Queen's Own Cameron Highlanders. The kilt is of Erracht Cameron tartan, and the black bonnet has a blue hackle. On Saturday evening, when the Queen attended a sports gymkhana at Queen's Park, she lit a beacon from which runners carried torches to the summit of Arthur's Seat. Maroons were then fired and a display of fireworks in the city's parks commenced.

THE ROYAL VISITOR TO SOUTHERN RHODESIA: H.M. QUEEN ELIZABETH THE QUEEN MOTHER.

Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother, accompanied by Princess Margaret, was due to leave London Airport on June 30 in a B.O.A.C. *Comet* and to arrive at Salisbury Airport, Southern Rhodesia, at noon the next day. On the evening of July 2 they were to leave Salisbury by train for Bulawayo, 240 miles away, arriving there next morning. In the afternoon her Majesty arranged to open officially the Central African Rhodes Centenary Exhibition, and in the evening there is to be a reception at Government House. The Queen Mother and Princess Margaret are to return home by *Comet* on July 16, being due to reach London Airport the next day. This charming portrait study of her Majesty was taken in the Blue Drawing-Room at Buckingham Palace.

Portrait study by Cecil Beaton.

ACCOMPANYING HER MOTHER ON A SIXTEEN-DAY VISIT TO SOUTHERN RHODESIA: H.R.H. PRINCESS MARGARET.

The Rhodes Centenary Exhibition in Bulawayo was first opened on May 29, but it was to be officially inaugurated by Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother, accompanied by Princess Margaret, on July 3. Commemorating the centenary of the birth of Cecil John Rhodes, the great British colonial and Imperial statesman who gave his name to Rhodesia, the celebrations also mark the births of two of his staunchest colleagues, Sir Alfred Beit and Sir Leander Starr Jameson. One pavilion, in the 50-acre exhibition, is devoted to Rhodes's life, and contains an extensive collection of his personal belongings and papers. This attractive new portrait study of Princess Margaret shows her Royal Highness wearing a French-grey dress of fine lace.

Portrait study by Dorothy Wilding.

AT CORONATION WIMBLEDON: THE LONGEST SINGLE EVER PLAYED, AND OTHER MATCHES.

MISS SHIRLEY FRY, OF THE UNITED STATES, SEEDED NO. 3, SEEN IN PLAY AGAINST MISS F. W. WALTHEW, OF GREAT BRITAIN, WHOM SHE DEFEATED.

MISS DORIS HART, OF THE UNITED STATES, SEEDED NO. 2 AND THE 1951 HOLDER, IN PLAY IN THE SECON D ROUND.

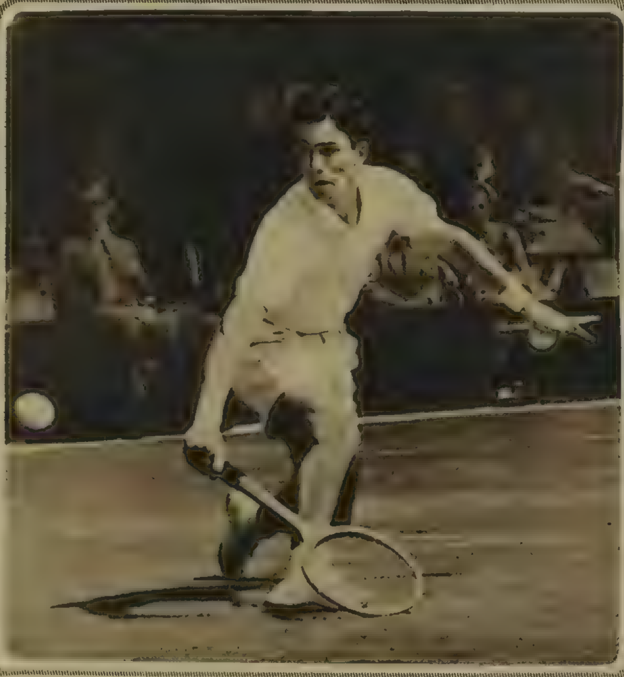
MISS MAUREEN CONNOLLY, OF THE U.S., WHO IS DEFENDING THE SINGLES TITLE, WHICH SHE WON LAST YEAR, SEEN IN ACTION AT WIMBLEDON DURING THE OPENING WEEK.

MRS. Z. KOERMOCZI, OF HUNGARY, WHO DEFEATED MISS H. M. FLETCHER, ONE OF THE SEEDED BRITISH PLAYERS, WHO HAD BEEN PLAYING WELL IN TOURNAMENTS THIS YEAR.

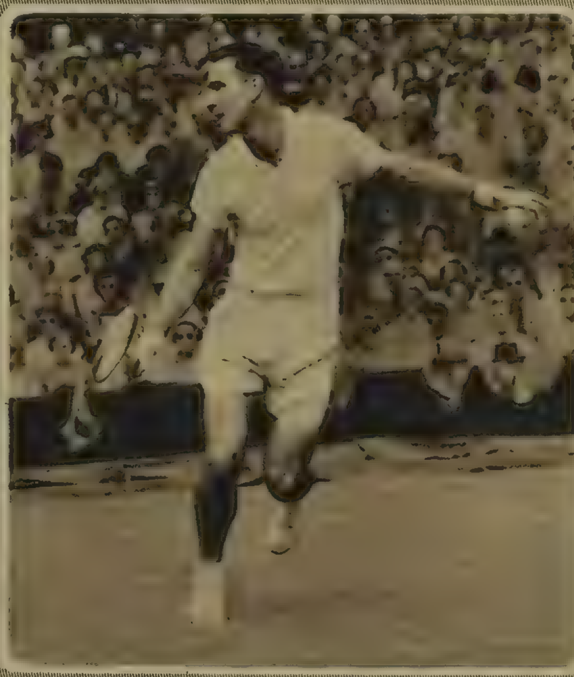
(LEFT.) THE FIRST DANE EVER TO REACH THE SEMI-FINALS OF THE MEN'S SINGLES AT WIMBLEDON: K. NIELSEN DURING THE MATCH IN WHICH HE DEFEATED K. R. ROSEWALL, FAVOURITE.

IN PLAY DURING THE LONGEST SINGLES MATCH EVER FOUGHT AT WIMBLEDON: J. DROBNY, OF EGYPT, SEEDED NO. 4, WHO EVENTUALLY DEFEATED AMERICA'S BUDGE PATTY BY 8—6, 16—18, 3—6, 8—6, 12—10.

IN ACTION ON THE CENTRE COURT DURING THE FIRST WEEK: V. SEIXAS, OF THE U.S., SEEDED NO. 2, WHO DEFEATED L. HOAD (AUSTRALIA) IN THE QUARTER-FINALS.



AUSTRALIA'S EIGHTEEN-YEAR-OLD CHAMPION, WHO WAS SEEDED NO. 1 AT WIMBLEDON: K. R. ROSEWALL, WHO WAS DEFEATED BY K. NIELSEN IN THE QUARTER-FINALS.



THE MAN WHO BROUGHT ABOUT THE FIRST DEFEAT OF A SEEDED PLAYER IN THE MEN'S SINGLES: I. G. AYRE (AUSTRALIA), WHO BEAT E. MOREA (ARGENTINA), SEEDED NO. 8.

The first week of the 1953 L.T.A. Championships at Wimbledon was held in brilliant summer weather and attracted thousands of eager spectators. The highlight of the week was one of the greatest battles ever to be fought out on the lawns at Wimbledon. This was the third-round match waged on June 25, in which Jaroslav Drobny, the former Czech, beat the 1950 champion, Budge Patty. The match, which lasted 4½ hours, was the longest singles match ever played in the Wimbledon Championships. It began at 4.45 and ended in fading light at 9 p.m., ninety-three games having been played in all. Towards the end of this dramatic and exhausting match both men were attacked by cramp. At times the Centre Court crowd of 15,000 was almost hysterical with excitement: the whole match was played at a stirring pace and Patty was three times within a stroke of winning in the fourth set and three times again in the final set. At the

HIGHLIGHTS OF THE L.T.A CHAMPIONSHIPS: SOME LEADING PLAYERS AT WIMBLEDON.

MISS JULIA SAMPSON, THE AMERICAN JUNIOR CHAMPION BUT UNSEEDED PLAYER, WHO DEFEATED MRS. N. ADAMSON, FRANCE'S NO. 1 PLAYER WHO WAS SEEDED NO. 8.

MISS A. MORTIMER, OF GREAT BRITAIN, SEEDED NO. 5, WHO WAS BRITAIN'S ONLY REPRESENTATIVE IN THE QUARTER-FINALS.

GERMANY'S FIRST REPRESENTATIVE IN THE LAST EIGHT OF THE WOMEN'S SINGLES SINCE 1939: FRAU VOLLMER, GERMANY'S NO. 1 PLAYER.

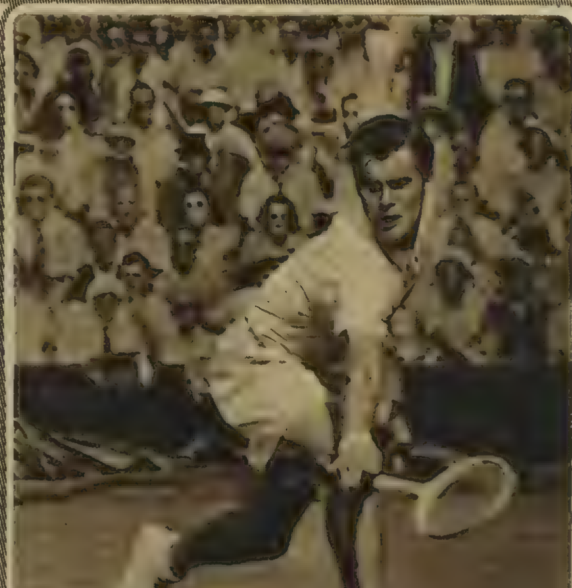
IN ACTION ON THE CENTRE COURT DURING HIS MARATHON MATCH AGAINST J. DROBNY: BUDGE PATTY, OF THE UNITED STATES. THIS MATCH LASTED FOUR HOURS AND A QUARTER.

MRS. D. KNODE (FORMERLY MISS D. HEAD), OF THE UNITED STATES, WHO WAS SEEDED NO. 4 AND WON HER WAY THROUGH TO THE QUARTER-FINALS.

(RIGHT.) IN PLAY AGAINST BELGIUM'S JACQUES BRICHANT ON THE CENTRE COURT: AUSTRALIA'S LEFT-HANDED PLAYER M. ROSE, WHO DEFEATED A. LARSEN IN THE QUARTER-FINALS.

DEFEATED IN THE QUARTER-FINALS BY M. ROSE, OF AUSTRALIA: A. LARSEN (U.S.A.), WHO WAS SEEDED NO. 7. HE AND ROSE ARE BOTH LEFT-HANDERS.

ONE OF THE MOST IMPRESSIVE PLAYERS DURING THE OPENING WEEK: L. HOAD, OF AUSTRALIA, SEEDED NO. 6, WHO WAS DEFEATED IN THE QUARTER-FINALS BY V. SEIXAS (U.S.A.)



DEFEATED IN THE QUARTER-FINALS BY J. DROBNY (EGYPT): S. DAVIDSON, OF SWEDEN, IN ACTION DURING THE MATCH IN WHICH HE WAS BEATEN BY 7—5, 6—4, 6—0.

opening of the final week the eight men left in the Singles were: V. Seixas (U.S.); L. A. Hoad (Australia); M. G. Rose (Australia); A. Larsen (U.S.); S. Davidson (Sweden); J. Drobny (Egypt); K. Nielsen (Denmark); and K. R. Rosewall (Australia). In the Women's Singles the quarter-finalists were: Miss D. Hart (U.S.A.); Mrs. Z. Koermoczi (Hungary); Mrs. D. Knode (U.S.A.); Miss A. Mortimer (G.B.); Miss J. Sampson (U.S.A.); Miss S. Fry (U.S.A.); Frau E. Vollmer (Germany), and Miss M. Connolly (U.S.A.). In the quarter-finals on June 29, Kurt Nielsen, of Denmark, the surprise of this year's Wimbledon, defeated K. Rosewall, the Australian favourite for the title. V. Seixas beat L. A. Hoad, J. Drobny beat S. Davidson, and M. G. Rose defeated A. Larsen. These results meant that the semi-finalists were V. Seixas (U.S.A.), who was to meet M. G. Rose (Australia); and J. Drobny (Egypt), who was to meet K. Nielsen (Denmark).

SIR WINSTON CHURCHILL'S ILLNESS; AND ITEMS ROYAL, RELIGIOUS, MEMORIAL.

AT THE FUNERAL OF DR. DOWNEY, ROMAN CATHOLIC ARCHBISHOP OF LIVERPOOL: THE SHORT SERVICE ON THE SITE OF THE METROPOLITAN CATHEDRAL BEFORE INTERMENT IN THE CRYPT.

The burial of Dr. Richard Downey took place on June 23. After a solemn Pontifical Mass in the Pro-Cathedral, sung by the Apostolic Delegate before Cardinal Griffin, the cortège, attended by a huge crowd of mourners, went to the site of the new Cathedral, where the remains were buried in the Crypt.

H.R.H. THE DUKE OF GLOUCESTER, PRESIDENT OF THE SCHOOL, LEAVING THE CHAPEL OF CHRIST'S HOSPITAL, WITH THE HEADMASTER AND THE DUCHESS, AFTER THE QUATERCENTENARY SERVICE.

On June 26, the Duke of Gloucester, who is President of the School, with the Duchess, was at Christ's Hospital, Horsham, to take part in the 400th Anniversary Festival Day. He is seen here leaving the chapel, between lines of Bluecoat boys, with the Duchess and the Headmaster, Mr. H. L. O. Fletcher.

THE KING OF THE BELGIANS DECORATES GENERAL MATTHEW RIDGWAY: HIS MAJESTY SHAKING HANDS WITH THE RETIRING COMMANDER.

General Matthew Ridgway, who is retiring as Supreme Allied Commander in Europe to take up the post of Chief of Staff United States Army, was invested by King Baudouin of the Belgians as Grand Officier de l'Ordre de la Couronne de Belgique.

SIR WINSTON CHURCHILL'S INDISPOSITION: A KNOT OF ANXIOUS PEOPLE WATCHING A CAR LEAVE CHARTWELL, THE PRIME MINISTER'S COUNTRY HOME.

On June 28 the Prime Minister's physicians, Lord Moran and Sir Russell Brain, announced that they had advised him to abandon his journey to Bermuda and to rest for at least one month. Sir Winston, who is seventy-eight, is not in bed, and will receive the more important official papers.

PRINCE ALBERT OF LIÉGE, NOW A MIDSHIPMAN; WITH KING BAUDOUIN (LEFT), PRINCE ALEXANDER (IN FRONT) AND THE PRINCESS DE RÉTHY.

King Baudouin, his stepmother, the Princess de Réthy, and step-brother Prince Alexander, saw nineteen-year-old Prince Albert of Liége off and wished him good luck when he left Ostend for his first voyage as a midshipman in the frigate *Luitenent Terzee Victor Billiet*.

TO BE UNVEILED IN OCTOBER BY H.M. THE QUEEN: THE RUNNYMEDE MEMORIAL TO AIRMEN OF THE COMMONWEALTH, PHOTOGRAPHED RECENTLY FROM THE AIR.

As our photograph shows, the memorial on Cooper's Hill, overlooking Runnymede, is nearing completion. It is to be unveiled by the Queen on October 17, and it is in memory of the officers and men of the Air Forces of the Commonwealth who lost their lives in the last war while operating from the U.K. and N.-W. Europe and who have no known graves. It has been designed by Mr. Edwin Maufe, R.A.

A MEMORIAL TO PAVLOVA: DAME NINETTE DE VALOIS DRAWS THE CORD TO UNVEIL A MEMORIAL TO THE GREAT RUSSIAN DANCER IN THE LAKE OF THE LONDON HOUSE WHERE PAVLOVA LIVED.

On June 27, a memorial to Anna Pavlova was unveiled by Dame Ninette de Valois on an islet in the lake in the garden of Ivy House, Golders Green, where Pavlova lived for some years. The house is now part of the Manor House Hospital, but the garden was until recently kept as Pavlova knew it, by the great dancer's Russian gardener. Her favourite swans are, however, no longer there.

THE CONQUERORS OF EVEREST RETURN TO KATMANDU: A STATE RECEPTION, AND ROYAL NEPALESE DECORATIONS.

THE HOME OF ONE OF THE CONQUERORS OF EVEREST: IN ONE OF THESE CORRUGATED IRON HUTS LIVES TENSING. A CALCUTTA NEWSPAPER HAS STARTED A FUND TO BUILD HIM A HOME OF HIS OWN.

SMEARED WITH RED KUMKUM POWDER AND GARLANDED WITH FLOWERS: COLONEL HUNT, LEADER OF THE BRITISH EVEREST EXPEDITION, DURING THE TRIUMPHAL RECEPTION IN KATMANDU.

BREAKFASTING IN RELAXATION ON THE WAY BACK TO KATMANDU FOR A GREAT RECEPTION: EDMUND HILLARY (LEFT) AND TENSING BHUTIA, THE TWO CONQUERORS OF THE WORLD'S HIGHEST PEAK, EVEREST.

AT THE LAST HALT ON THE WAY BACK TO KATMANDU: EDMUND HILLARY RECEIVES AND READS HIS MAIL, AFTER RETURNING FROM THE CONQUEST OF EVEREST. HE IS ALREADY GARLANDED FOR THE RECEPTION.

IN KATMANDU, INVESTED WITH THEIR NEW DECORATIONS: THE JOINT CONQUERORS OF EVEREST—(RIGHT) E. P. HILLARY, WITH THE ORDER OF THE GURKHA RIGHT HAND (FIRST CLASS) AND TENSING BHUTIA, WITH THE ORDER OF THE NEPAL STAR (FIRST CLASS).

THE KING OF NEPAL INVESTS EDMUND HILLARY WITH THE SASH OF THE ORDER OF THE GURKHA RIGHT HAND (FIRST CLASS), HAVING PREVIOUSLY PRESENTED THE STAR AND MEDALLION OF THAT ORDER.

On Sunday, June 21, in the evening, Colonel Hunt, the leader of the British Mt. Everest Expedition, 1953, and Edmund Hillary and Tensing Bhutia, the New Zealander and the Sherpa who together conquered the "unconquerable" peak of Everest, were driven in state through the streets of Katmandu, the capital of Nepal. They rode in an open landau drawn by four horses, with postillions in red and gold, and all three were garlanded with flowers and smeared with red kumkum powder—the traditional sign of rejoicing. The carriage was preceded by four young women in white on horseback and followed by a procession a mile long. In the Durbar Hall of the Royal Palace, King Tribhuvana of Nepal and members of the Royal family awaited them. Tensing was called before the King and the Order of the Nepal Star was presented to him by the King. Next, an officer led Colonel Hunt before the King; and the leader of the expedition, still in khaki shorts, windproof jacket and "gym" shoes, was invested by the King with the star, medallion and sash of the Order of the Gurkha Right Hand (First Class). Then Hillary, in maroon ski-ing jacket, grey trousers and also "gym" shoes, was led forward and received the same decoration. The other members of the expedition were presented to the King and the party then returned to the British Embassy.

FRIEND, ARTIST AND CRITIC—GRAHAM ROBERTSON.

*"LETTERS FROM GRAHAM ROBERTSON"; EDITED, WITH AN INTRODUCTION, By KERRISON PRESTON.**

An Appreciation by SIR JOHN SQUIRE.

THIS volume of Graham Robertson's letters is composed entirely of those addressed to its editor. But it has no departmental air about it. The reader, when he finishes it, will not say to himself: "I wish that letters to other people had been included, so that other aspects of the writer could have been shown." The whole man, in so far as he ever was revealed to the world—that is to say, the whole social being — is here, in this one collection. I may be wrong, but I conceive that, were letters to all sorts of other friends (and, as he grew older, the number of his attentive and affectionate friends seems to have multiplied) to be published, they would be found to disclose no interests and unveil no aspects of character which are not exhibited in this series, the earliest of which dates from 1908, forty years before the writer died, at the age of eighty-two. This volume, coupled with his own charming book of memories of an earlier day, "Time Was," should suffice as an adequate memorial to one whose last instructions were that he should have "no tombstone nor inscription to mark the place of burial. No funeral, no mourning, no flowers," as he hoped that "one may perhaps manage to die without making a public nuisance of oneself."

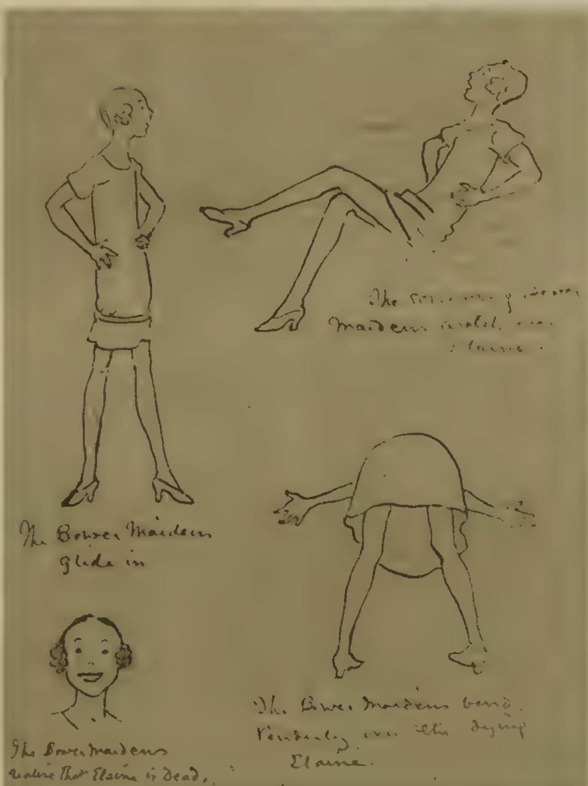
DETAIL PHOTOGRAPH FROM SARGENT'S PORTRAIT OF GRAHAM ROBERTSON AT THE AGE OF TWENTY-SIX, NOW IN THE TATE GALLERY.

Reproduced by kind permission of the Tate Gallery.

Robertson, only son of a wealthy Scotch shipowner, was illustrating letters and diaries from the age of seven. He went to Eton; said later: "I had never been bored before I went to school and I have never been bored since I left"; but, says Mr. Preston, he "was proud of Eton and kept the fact well disguised." He did not go to a University, but went straight to Albert Moore's studio and the art school at South Kensington. His father died when he was eighteen; thereafter he divided his time mainly between a house in London and one on the sandy hills at Witley, near Hindhead, each of which was gradually to become full of drawings and paintings by Blake and the pre-Raphaelites, of whom he was one of the most discriminating collectors. From early youth he knew many of his famous elders—Browning and Whistler, Sarah Bernhardt and Ellen Terry—and later he never ceased extending his acquaintance—always busy at something, but never too busy to be a charming and entertaining host. He never married, and said late in life, "I never ceased to be thankful for my single blessedness." But no delightful old lady was ever more closely surrounded in age by younger admirers, and none more pleased with the care and exhibition of her garden and her household gods.

Robertson's letters contain a large body of small talk about visits of friends, nights at the theatre, books on his artistic heroes, the flowers in his garden, his servants, his neighbours and his correspondents. His interest in later years was especially centred on the theatre, and above all on actors and actresses, many of whom seem to have enchanted him, both as performers and as private persons. The cheerful chronicle might have been monotonous, with no improvement from his occasional lapses into whimsy, such as: "I am sorry to say that the little mimosa dedicated to you is not yet old enough to leave its mother (William representing that parent). It is a seedling, and must stay here in its little pot for a bit yet before it ventures out into the great world." But there are many little bursts of vivacity ("There is something lacking in me—I cannot enjoy a funeral. I prefer them to weddings, but that is as far as I can go"), and sometimes the purrings are broken by an angry growl and sharp talons spring out from the velvet paw.

His most sustained outburst was provoked by a B.B.C. broadcast of his play, "Pinkie and the Fairies," which evidently did not satisfy him: "I'm sorry you listened to that abominable 'Pinkie' hash. Is it quite fair that they should be allowed to take one's work and make hay with it like that? If they were out to select the worst and most commonplace numbers—to make them quite unintelligible by mixing them up and destroying all sequence—to have them rendered by people who (apparently) had never sung before and would certainly never sing again—and to take each number at double quick time and with a monotonous jigging beat that made them all into an abortive fox-trot—well, *if* this was their aim, then the performance was positively inspired. It was also a bright idea to have the songs 'explained' by a lady who had never read the play. She began each sentence with 'I forgot to tell you . . .' If she had forgotten a little more and told us nothing it would have been a distinct gain. That loud and raucous yowling at the beginning and the end was the Song of the Nightingale. It only dawned on me very gradually. Do you remember how it used to fall like a whisper down from the trees in the darkness? There was not one number that I would have passed had I been rehearsing. And—in the middle of holidays and the middle of the day—would it have been very difficult to get children to sing the children's songs instead of world-weary elderly ladies?" But an outburst in defence of a work of his own was not characteristic.



"I ENCLOSE UNEXAGGERATED SKETCHES OF THE BOWER MAIDENS. THE BACK VIEW IS *EXACT*. . . . LAST NIGHT, DURING ELAINE'S DEATH SCENE, TWO BOWER MAIDENS WERE HAPPILY SHOWING EACH OTHER SOME NEW DANCING STEPS . . .": GUILDFORD PAGEANT REHEARSAL.

He had done his best as painter, illustrator, versifier, playwright and producer and had no exaggerated notion of his own stature. But he was always roused by attacks upon the works or characters of people whom he revered and he was frequently an eloquent Jeremiah when he contemplated the artistic achievements of the age into which he had survived. Had he lived to see the entries for a sculpture of An Unknown Political Prisoner he might well have had apoplexy. But even as it was, he was beset on all sides by sights and sounds which were abominations to him. He writes of Raeburn: "He has no imagination and his characterisation is not usually up to much, but oh, the beauty and splendour of his paint! And the strength of his work! All the little moderns show up beside him for the feeble, neurotic little rats that they are." A little later: "But the Moderns! No, I cannot regard them with your lenience. To me they are abominable, atrocious, obscene. And the School is not new. In my youth, earnest young artists of this school used to scrawl similar drawings with chalk upon blank walls and in public latrines. And were their works appreciated and bought for the nation? Not at all. They obtained no recognition, or if they *were* recognised they usually got seven days without option. But now we see the Advance of Progress. Seriously, I think that these things represent the outcome of a hideous and insane period in the world's history, but their interest is purely pathological and their place is in a medical institution and not in art galleries." Finally, he was exasperated into wishing he had never touched brush or palette: "I have lived for long, happy years with rather lovely people in a lovely land of art and literature where men strove earnestly and, I think, nobly to create and perpetuate beauty. Now that land has been invaded and overrun by a rabble rout, who have profaned its innermost sanctuaries and polluted them with ugliness and obscenity. I quite believe that some of these iconoclasts, disguised as artists, are innocent of bad intent and 'know not what they do,' but nevertheless they are possessed by the Spirit of Evil who now rules this unhappy world. I am sorry that I ever tried to be a painter and bitterly ashamed of my late profession."

MRS. PATRICK CAMPBELL, FROM THE OIL PAINTING BY GRAHAM ROBERTSON. HE WAS THE FIRST TO DISCOVER HER, AS DESCRIBED IN *TIME WAS.*

Illustrations reproduced from the book "Letters from Graham Robertson"; by courtesy of the publisher, Hamish Hamilton.

Now and then he notices similar degrading tendencies in other spheres. He quotes a doctor friend whose patient had asked for congratulations upon her latest novel: "But, my dear lady, *I* could write a *much* more disgusting and indecent book than that. Any doctor could." The theatre never lost its fascination for him, and he believed that he lived in an age of great actors. But he was occasionally scathing about some of these efforts to make plays out of the lives of recent people: "As Resurrectionists I greatly prefer Messrs. Burke and Hare." And, as for audiences, he quoted with relish a friend's remarks about those who went to see Mr. Gielgud's "Hamlet": "John is having a chance that has come to no other actor since the first production of 'Hamlet.' Never before has there been such an utterly ignorant and uncultured moment as this, and he is playing nightly to houses half of which have never read 'Hamlet' and the other half never even heard of it. The play comes to them absolutely fresh and, being a very good play, it holds and interests them."

At the end, for which he had long been prepared, he might have said with Hazlitt: "Well, I've had a happy life." He had warmed both hands before the fire and was "ready to depart." It was characteristic prudence, precision and thoughtfulness in him that in his later years he gave away some of his finest treasures to the nation and to friends. As he said: "One wouldn't leave a beloved dog without knowing it was going to a good home, so why be negligent about a beautiful picture?"

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* "Letters from Graham Robertson." Edited, with an Introduction, by Kerrison Preston. Illustrated. (Hamish Hamilton; 30s.)

Novels are reviewed by K. John, and other books by E. D. O'Brien, on page 36 of this issue

SOME PERSONALITIES AND OCCASIONS OF THE WEEK.

PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE AND EVENTS OF NOTE.

(LEFT.) TO CAPTAIN OXFORD'S XI. AGAINST CAMBRIDGE AT LORD'S: ALAN L. DOWDING.

Alan L. Dowding, St. Peter's College, Adelaide, Australia, and Balliol College, is to captain the Oxford XI. against Cambridge on July 4–7. He made his début in first-class cricket in 1951.

(RIGHT.) TO CAPTAIN THE CAMBRIDGE XI. AGAINST OXFORD IN THE UNIVERSITY MATCH: ROBIN G. MARLAR.

Captain of the Cambridge XI. to meet Oxford at Lord's on July 4–7 is Robin G. Marlar. Educated at Harrow, he was awarded his "Blue" as a freshman at Cambridge in 1951.

MARSHAL JUIN.

On June 25 Marshal Juin, C.-in-C., Allied Land Forces, Central Europe, since 1951, was received into the French Academy; and is shown in the green ceremonial dress of the Academician. He was appointed Inspector-General, All French Armed Forces, in 1951.

MISS MARLENE STEWART.

Miss M. Stewart, the nineteen-year-old Canadian close golf champion, won the British Women's Golf Championship on June 25, by defeating Miss P. Garvey, the Irish champion, by 7 and 6 in the 36-hole final at Royal Porthcawl after being six up at half-way.

(RIGHT.) EARL GRANVILLE.

Died on June 25, aged seventy-two. After a distinguished career in the Navy he was afterwards the Lieutenant-Governor of the Isle of Man, and then Governor of Northern Ireland from 1945-52. By his marriage in 1916 to Lady Rose Bowes-Lyon, G.C.V.O., he was an uncle of the Queen.

(LEFT.) CAPTAIN JAN CWIKLINSKI.

Captain Cwiklinski, master of the Polish Ocean Lines' flagship *Batory*, 14,287 tons, failed to leave with the ship when she sailed on June 20 after refitting on the Tyne. He said he had left his ship to seek asylum in Britain because if he had gone back to Poland he would have been arrested.

AFTER CROSSING THE ATLANTIC IN ONE OF THE SMALLEST AIRCRAFT EVER TO DO SO: MR. GLUCKMANN.

Mr. Peter Gluckmann, a twenty-seven-year-old watchmaker and amateur pilot from San Francisco, landed at Renfrew Airport on June 26 after crossing the Atlantic in one of the smallest aircraft ever to make the trip. The aircraft, a *Luscombe* high-wing monoplane, has a 35-ft. wing-span.

M. JOSEPH LANIEL, WHOSE ELECTION AS PRIME MINISTER ON JUNE 26 ENDED THE FRENCH POLITICAL CRISIS.

On June 26 M. Joseph Laniel, Right Wing Independent, was elected Prime Minister of France by 298 votes to 206, thus ending the political crisis. He was the eighth to be invited to undertake the task of forming a Cabinet, and the fifth Premier-designate to appear before the Assembly since May 21.

AFTER THEIR WEDDING AT OXFORD: LADY ROSEMARY SPENCER-CHURCHILL AND MR. C. R. MUIR.

Lady Rosemary Spencer-Churchill, youngest daughter of the Duke and Duchess of Marlborough, who was one of the Queen's Maids of Honour at the Coronation, was married on June 26, at Christ Church Cathedral, Oxford, to Mr. Charles Robert Muir, son of Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Muir, of Billingbear House, Bracknell, Berks.

THE END OF A MAGNIFICENT CAPTAIN'S INNINGS: L. HUTTON CAUGHT BY G. HOLE OFF W. A. JOHNSTON AFTER SCORING 145 IN ENGLAND'S FIRST INNINGS.

DURING HIS FINE INNINGS, IN AUSTRALIA'S SECOND, DURING WHICH HE SET UP AN AUSTRALIAN RECORD: K. MILLER CUTTING A BALL FROM STATHAM.

On Saturday morning, June 27, at Lord's, on the third day of the second Test, England's hopes were high. Australia had been dismissed for 346; and England were 177 for one, with Hutton and Graveney both batting. Graveney was dismissed almost immediately (for 78) and against Hutton and Compton, Lindwall and Miller unleashed the full fury of their attack. This fury was conquered by superb batting until Hutton left at 279, and after this wickets fell fast, mainly to Lindwall (who took, in all, 5 for 66), and only a last-wicket stand by Wardle and Statham enabled England to pass Australia by 26 runs. Hassett fell soon to Statham, but at the close of play Morris and Miller were undefeated at 96, Miller in particular playing a masterly innings (which later reached 109), in which he became the first Australian to score 2000 runs and take 100 wickets in Test matches. Previously this had been done only by W. Rhodes, of England and Yorkshire.

A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS.

ANIMAL SCULPTOR.

By FRANK DAVIS.

I WAS about to write down, in the careless manner which is the besetting sin of people of my sort, that the first word which the infant lips of Herbert Haseltine lisped—a difficult sentence, that—was almost certainly "Horfe," when I discovered that he was born in Rome and that Italian was his first language, so presumably the more euphonious "Cavallo" presented little difficulty. Certain it is that horses, and indeed other animals, have been his absorbing passion throughout his long career as a sculptor, with portraits of men as incidentals only. I can remember an exhibition of his work in London in 1930, and I was fortunate enough to meet him recently. His exhibition at the Partridge Gallery (now extended till July 11) contains among other items the fine plaster cast illustrated in colour on our facing page. This seems to me to epitomise the essential simplicity of his approach to his craft—an approach uncomplicated by the theories so dear to the restless, self-tortured modern world. I asked him whether, in carrying out his work, he had in mind any Greek exemplar. He seemed surprised and maybe a trifle hurt at the suggestion (though he was too polite to say so). No, this was a portrait of a particular horse, not a platonic idea of a noble animal, and that was all there was to it.

His first object, then, is fidelity to the model, but, of course, after that the real skill begins in knowing what, amid the multitude of details, must be left out lest the thing should look like a death-mask, without the breath of life; for any sculpture of quality, whether plaster or bronze or stone, must surely have blood in its veins. Sound academic theory this, not lightly to be ignored. He was fortunate in his master, Aimé Morot, who said to him: "Do not copy me but develop and carry out your own idea. You will do best what interests you most." There was no doubt about the answer—horses, and his first attempt, in 1906, was given an honourable mention at the Salon. It was a polo group known as "Riding Off," for which his own hunter, an English thoroughbred, and an Arab stallion were the models. This brought him several commissions, among them one for a statue of the famous *Spearmint*, who won both the Derby and the Grand Prix in 1906. This must have been something of an ordeal, for *Spearmint's* trainer announced first that only one day could be spared for the task, and that, as the horse must not be worried, the sculptor must work in a yearling-box 200 yards from the stable; so he spent the whole day running to and fro from *Spearmint* to his modelling stand. By the evening he was completely exhausted, but *Spearmint's* delicate nervous system had not been shattered. The trainer then allowed him to carry on this strenuous routine for a whole week, and the statue, with Bernard Dillon up, appeared in due course at the Salon and later at the R.A. Those were the days.

THOROUGHBRED HORSE, *Polymelus*: A BRONZE CAST OF A MODEL BY HERBERT HASELTINE.
Polymelus (*Cyllene—Maid Marion*), bred by the late Marquess of Crewe, and foaled in 1902, was the property of the late Mr. S. B. Joel. He won the Richmond Stakes, Goodwood; the Rous Memorial Stakes, Newmarket; the Cambridgeshire Stakes and many other important races. The *cire perdue* bronze cast by Valsuani in Paris in 1935 is on view at Mr. Haseltine's exhibition at Partridge's Gallery, 144–146, New Bond Street. The model remained unfinished because of the death of *Polymelus*.

In a different category is the bull-fighting group known as "Un Puyazo" (1912). The bull is charging the horse and the preliminary work for this group would have met with the hearty approval of our George Stubbs, who, as everyone knows, would spend weeks and months in meticulous and arduous studies. Before going to Spain, Haseltine went daily to the Villette slaughter-houses in Paris to make innumerable drawings of bulls, and then attended every bull-fight in Madrid during six weeks, familiarising himself with the technique of the *corrida*. Before returning to Paris he bought the carcass of a bull and had a plaster cast made of it (a sort of death-mask) and used it for reference. Then for 50 francs he bought a broken-down cab-horse from a broken-down old English cabby with a bottle-nose. Poor *Rosinante* was quartered in a near-by riding-school and lasted two weeks: an ideal model apparently. But luxurious laziness was too much for him; one day he could not get up in his stall and had to be destroyed. I suppose Haseltine's best-known public work—best known to us in these islands—is the Cavalry Club War Memorial, the riderless charger who, to modern eyes, seems to be mourning not only for his dead master but for a world in which the horse, and not the internal combustion engine, was a major deity. His most recent work on a heroic scale was the equestrian bronze of Field Marshal Sir John Dill in Arlington Cemetery at Washington.

MAHARAJADIRAJ JAM SHRI RAWALJI: A REPRODUCTION ONE-QUARTER SIZE OF THE BRONZE MONUMENT AT JAMNAGAR.

This polychromed plaster of Paris model is included in Mr. Haseltine's London show. It is a reproduction, one-quarter life-size, of the bronze monument, unveiled in 1934 by the Marquess of Willingdon, then Viceroy of India, which stands in the middle of Lake Lakota. Jam Rawalji was a great warrior and founded the dynasty of that name. The model for the horse was the Kathiawar stallion *Ashwani Kumar* [a direct descendant of Jam Rawalji's charger, *Uchaiswa*], which was sent to pose in the sculptor's Paris studio by the Maharaja of Nawanagar. The incurved ears are a characteristic of the breed.

But public monuments are one thing, bronzes a foot or two in length another, and the series of British Champion Animals which occupied the end of the gallery seemed to one visitor at least as fresh and as satisfying as they did when he first saw this remarkable series more than twenty years ago. The idea came to Haseltine at the Royal Show of 1921, when he was particularly impressed by the beauty of the cart-horses. He began with *Field Marshal V.*, King George V.'s Champion Shire Stallion, spending several weeks at Sandringham, and from this beginning he went on to other cart-horse breeds, and to cattle, sheep and pigs. By the merest chance I came straight to this exhibition from my own county agricultural show—almost, as it were, sucking a straw—and consequently, with the impertinence of the ignorant, in a mood to point out to this sculptor chap that champion bulls were heavier in the shoulder than this, and good sheep ("she-ăp," in my part of the world) were altogether stockier. Luckily I have more sense, for I am fully aware that the finest judges—and I 'm talking of animal judges now, not art judges—are unanimous in their praise of the fidelity to nature of this remarkable series; they just can't fault Haseltine in knowledge of the structure of the animal he chooses to represent.

But I have spoken of "fidelity to nature," and somebody with a literal mind will be jumping to the conclusion that I am talking about a taxidermist. Translate living bone and muscle and pelt into bronze, and delight both animal-breeder and art-lover—the two are not invariably identical—and you have accomplished no small thing. This is what this distinguished American sculptor has done with entire consistency over many years—and may he long continue! It is good to see these things in London again, and good to read these words in the foreword to the catalogue from the pen of the greatest of our contemporaries: "Having now lived for some years with one of Mr. Haseltine's Thoroughbred Horses in my dining-room at Chartwell, I must at least be counted among the warm admirers of his work. I might say with greater truth that the Thoroughbred Horse has lived with me, for it has seemed to be far more than a representation of a horse in bronze. . . . His horses are above all for the delectation of those who, like myself, have loved and understood horses, and he certainly need fear no adverse criticism from rider or trainer. His massive and magnificent cattle will be acclaimed no less by the stockbreeder than by the lover of pure art." Thus a certain ex-cavalryman and present painter, by name Winston Churchill.

FORMERLY PRINCE K. S. RANJITSINHJI—"RANJI" OF SUSSEX AND THE ALL ENGLAND XI.: HIS LATE HIGHNESS LIEUT.-COLONEL SHRI SIR RANJITSINHJI VIBHAJI, MAHARAJA JAM SAHEB OF NAWANAGAR.

His late Highness Lieut.-Colonel Sir Ranjitsinhji Vibhaji, Maharaja Jam Saheb of Nawanagar, well remembered as the cricketer "Ranji," reigned from 1906-33. The smaller reproduction of the monument unveiled at Jamnagar in 1934 as the central point of a memorial building by the late Sir Edwin Lutyens is on view in Mr. Haseltine's current exhibition, which continues till July 11. It is a sand cast bronze cast by Thinot in Paris, 1953; and gilded.

Two items of exceptional interest were not available for the exhibition—two highly stylised heads of Kathiawar horses cast in gold and ornamented with precious stones and crystal in the manner of seventeenth- and eighteenth-century Indian miniatures. Their place was taken by a series of excellent photographs.

THE HEAD OF A FAMOUS ARAB HORSE MODELLED IN HEROIC SIZE BY HERBERT HASELTINE: RASEYN (SKOWRONEK-RAYYA), FOALED IN 1923 AND STILL ALIVE, IN HIS 31ST YEAR.

This heroic-size Head of an Arab Horse by Herbert Haseltine was on view at his recent London Exhibition in aid of the King George VI. Memorial Fund. The model, in plaster of Paris, with antique blue-green patina and lapis lazuli and ivory eyes, is to be cast in bronze, and ornamented with lapis lazuli and ivory. *Raseyn* was bred by Lady Wentworth at the Crabbet Park Arabian Stud. His sire was the Crabbet Champion *Skowronek*; and his dam *Rayya*, and other ancestors were also bred at Crabbet. He was foaled in 1923 and is still alive, now in his thirty-first year. He was sold to Mr. W. K. Kellogg as a colt for 5000 guineas; in 1939 was crowned "King Horse" at Los Angeles, and has been Champion Arabian Sire of America ever since. His best son, *Ferseyn*, is owned by Mr. Reese, of Covina, California. Mr. Haseltine states that in modelling *Raseyn's* head he was inspired by the reproduction in colour of the 4700-year-old copper Bearded Bull of Sumeria in our issue of September 13, 1952.

ON DUNADD, ANCIENT CORONATION ROCK OF THE SCOTTISH KINGS OF DALRIADA: KING AIDAN, FROM WHOM QUEEN ELIZABETH II. IS DESCENDED.

Aidan, King of the ancient Scottish realm of Dalriada, founded in *c.* 500 A.D. in what is now Argyllshire, by Fergus Mor, who had come from the Irish Dalriada, is an ancestor of our Royal family, for Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother counts King Robert the Bruce, a descendant of Aidan, among her forbears, as did his late Majesty King George VI. Dunadd, a rocky hill rising from the Moss of Crinan, is believed to have been the site on which the Coronation of the ancient Scottish Kings of Dalriada took place. The supposed spot is a level surface of rock surrounded by short grass near the summit. The likeness of a boar is incised in the rock there, and beside it is the print of a human foot carved out of the rock facing north-east. On the farther side of the boar is a circular hollow, or *ballan*, in the rock. It is thought that the kings were crowned as they stood with one foot forward and placed in the footmark; and that they were anointed with holy water from the round hollow. Daphne Allen's painting, reproduced above, is a reconstructed portrait of Aidan standing on Dunadd. She records her thanks to Mr. R. B. K. Stevenson, Keeper of the National Museum of Antiquities, Edinburgh, for his help, and notes that "King Aidan's Coronation ceremony was performed by St. Columba, on Iona, but doubtless the King would also take possession of his realm in the ancient rite at his capital of Dunadd."

From the painting by Daphne Allen.

THE INAUGURATION OF THE KINGS OF SCOTTISH DALRIADA:

DUNADD, FORTRESS OF THE QUEEN'S REMOTE ANCESTORS.

By DAPHNE ALLEN and ENID JACKMAN.

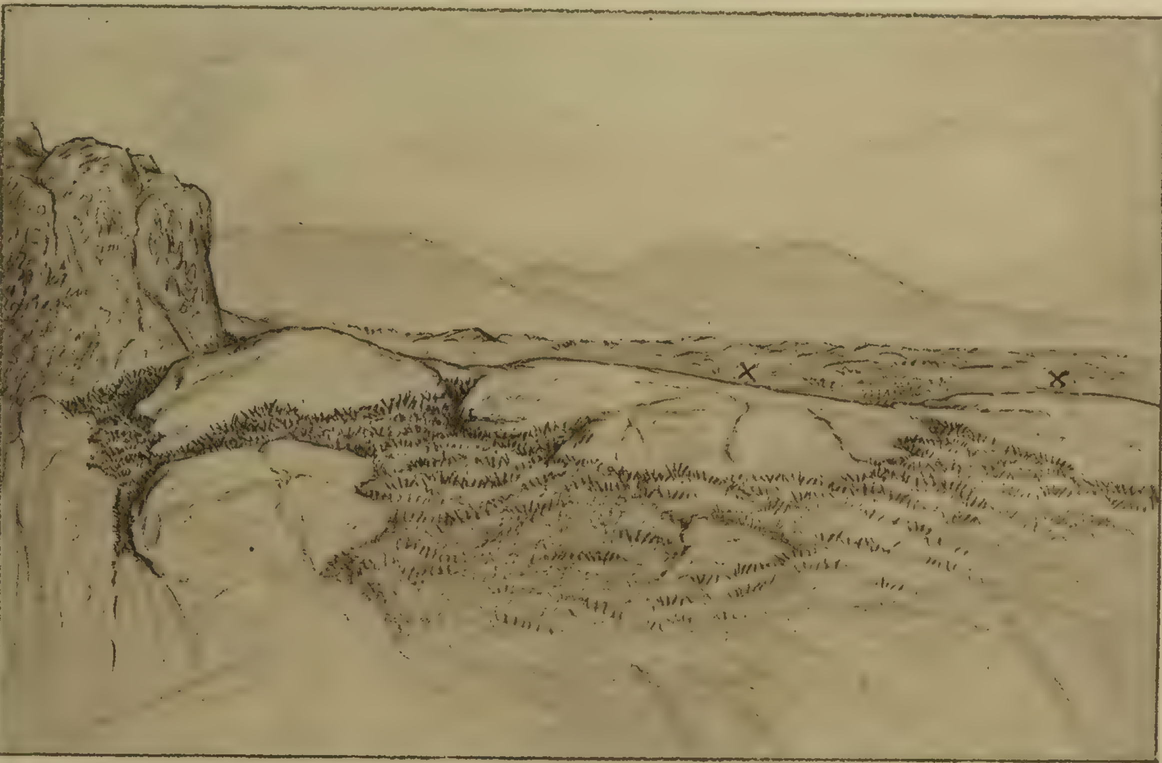
Drawings by DAPHNE ALLEN.

THE Kingdom of Dalriada was founded in Scotland in about 500 A.D. by Fergus Mor, son of Erc, who crossed from the ancient Kingdom of Dalriada, in Ireland, though colonies of Scoto-Irish had been settling in Alba since 180 A.D. Scottish Dalriada included part of the Hebrides with what we now know as Argyll, from Lochaber to the Mull of Kintyre.

This article can not possibly deal with Scottish Dalriada as a whole. It merely sets out to give a brief description of Dunadd, the chief stronghold and capital of the early Scottish Kings, and also a few of the sites associated with the early Celtic Church in the surrounding district.

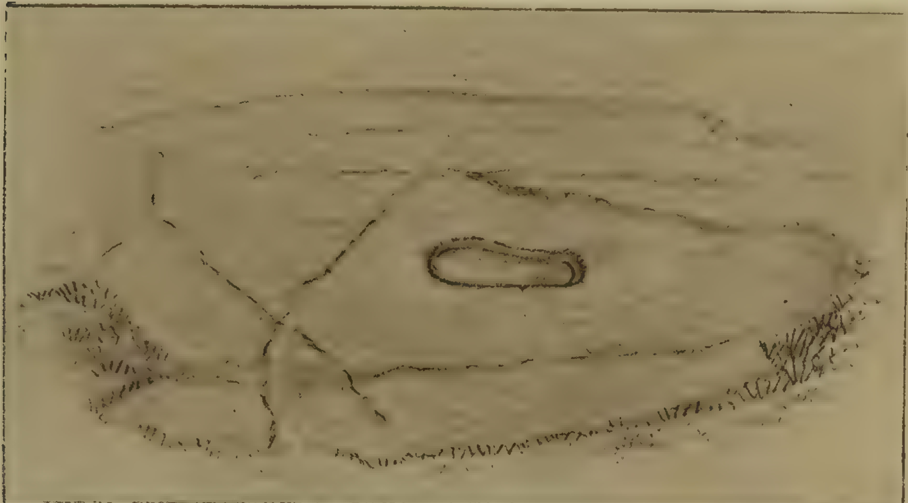
Dunadd is a small, rocky hill, only 176 ft. high, rising from the Moss of Crinan, about five miles from Lochgilphead. The view from it on a clear day is extensive and beautiful. Below it winds the little River Add.

Very few signs of the fortress are left, though excavations have revealed the foundations and a great number of articles were found there during the excavations, some of considerable interest, including several moulds, also objects of bronze, iron, bone and jet, and some fragments of silver objects, also beads and fragments of glass and amber. These are now in the National Museum of Antiquities in Edinburgh.



THE SITE WHERE IT IS BELIEVED THE INAUGURATION RITES OF THE DALRIADIC KINGS OF SCOTLAND WERE HELD: THE "CORONATION" ROCK ON DUNADD HILL WHICH RISES FROM THE MOSS OF CRINAN.

Dunadd, chief stronghold and capital of the early Scottish Kings, is described in the article on this page by Daphne Allen and Enid Jackman, who were helped in their research by Mr. R. B. K. Stevenson, Keeper of the National Museum of Antiquities, Edinburgh. The drawing shows the "Coronation" rock on which it is believed the inauguration rites of the Dalriadic Kings of Scotland were held. A cross (left) marks the position of the footprint cut out in the rock in which the King placed his right foot, and another (right) indicates the position of the incised boar described in the article. The boar was a symbol of courage.



WHERE THE KING IS BELIEVED TO HAVE PLACED HIS RIGHT FOOT DURING THE RITE: THE CUT-OUT FOOTMARK ON THE DUNADD "CORONATION" ROCK.

On the rock known as the "Coronation" rock on Dunadd is cut the "depression of a footmark," for the right foot. When a king was about to be inaugurated he placed his foot in the footprint and pledged himself to his land and his people. King Aidan, from whom the Queen is descended, was crowned by St. Columba at Iona, but "doubtless the King would also take possession of his realm in the ancient rite at his capital of Dunadd."

POSSIBLY USED, IT IS THOUGHT, TO CONTAIN THE HOLY WATER WITH WHICH THE KING WAS ANOINTED: A BOWL CUT FROM THE LIVING ROCK A FEW FEET FROM THE "CORONATION" ROCK ON DUNADD. IT IS 7 INS. DEEP AND HAS A DIAMETER OF 10 INS.

The most interesting of all the remains are to be found on a flat, smooth rock a little below the highest point of the hill. Here, it is believed, were held the inauguration rites of the Dalriadic Kings. On the rock is cut out the depression of a footmark, for the right foot. A person standing with his right foot in it would face a little east of north.

There are several of these footmarks in Scotland, for when a king or chief was about to be inaugurated he placed his foot in a footprint cut in the rock, and pledged himself to his land and his people. And there he was given the sword of his father, and a white wand. This is in some ways perhaps, a forerunner of our present Coronation ceremony.

Near the footmark on Dunadd there is a basin cut out of the rock. It has been suggested this might have been used for holy water for anointing the King.

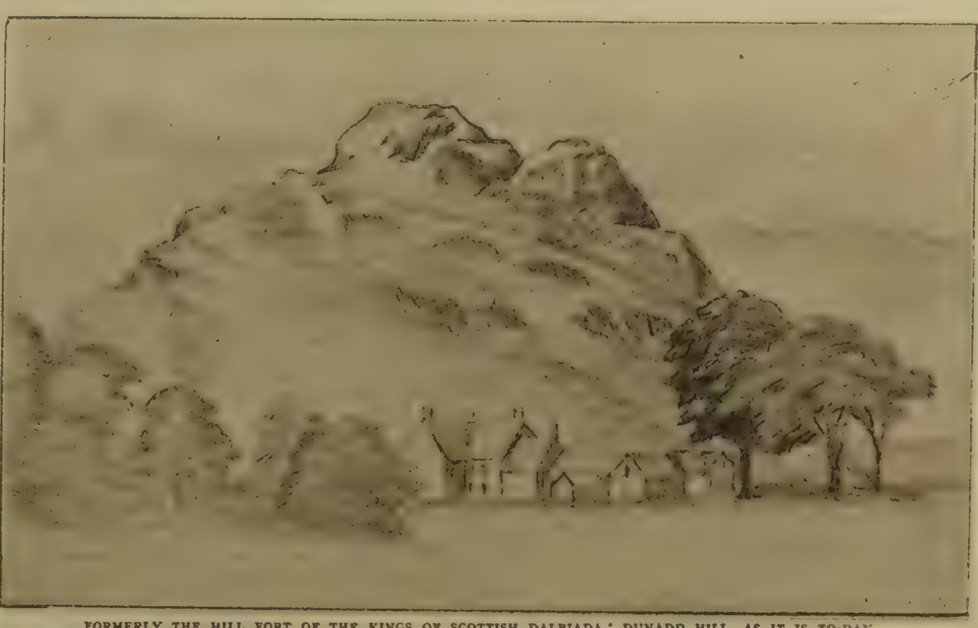
Between the footmark and the basin is a masterly incised carving of a boar. This is thought to be of Pictish origin. The boar was an ancient symbol of courage.

St. Columba was related to the Royal House of Dalriada, and when he came from Ireland his kinsman, Conall, was King. Later St. Columba was very influential in establishing the security of the kingdom. It was he who chose Aidan, son of King Gabran, to be his father's successor, in preference to his brother, the presumed heir. The Saint claimed to have read the name of the King's successor in a book of glass, brought to him by an angel in a dream. King Aidan's Coronation ceremony was performed by St. Columba on Iona, but doubtless the King would also take possession of his realm in the ancient rite at his capital of Dunadd. (See the reconstruction in colour on the facing page.)

Aidan proved a good and strong ruler. At a great synod held at Drumceatt, in Ireland, St. Columba gained for him his independence from Irish Dalriada. During Aidan's reign his realm became strong and prosperous; whereas a few years before St. Columba came to Iona King Brude of the Picts had driven the Scots into Kintyre, and seemed on the point of destroying their kingdom. St. Columba eventually converted King Brude to Christianity.

Aidan died in 606 A.D. He was an ancestor of King Robert the Bruce, and thus also of our own Royal family, Queen Elizabeth II. being a descendant of Robert the Bruce both through the late King, and Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother.

When St. Columba left Ireland as an exile to take up his abode in Alba, tradition says he landed first in the neighbourhood of Dunadd. Near the Point of Knap, south of Dunadd, by the remote and peaceful shores of the sea loch—Loch Caolisport—at Cove, near Ellary, is a shallow cave. According to tradition this was a sanctuary of St. Columba's, and here, in this quiet and lovely spot, it is said he lived awhile before eventually going on to Iona.



FORMERLY THE HILL FORT OF THE KINGS OF SCOTTISH DALRIADA: DUNADD HILL, AS IT IS TO-DAY.

"Very few signs of the fortress are left, though excavations have revealed the foundations and a great number of articles were found there during the excavations, some of considerable interest, including several moulds, also objects of bronze, iron, bone and jet, and some fragments of silver objects, also beads and fragments of glass and amber."

Inside the cave, on the right, is a high platform of rock, and on this a little altar of rough stones has been built. On the rock-face, above the altar, is carved, quite beautifully, a small cross, and what appears to be a smaller incised one, possibly a consecration cross.

Here, it is said, the Saint administered the Sacrament; and doubtless this would be a place of retreat for him when visiting the neighbourhood from Iona. On the platform near the altar lies a stone with a basin carved in it. This has been moved from its original place near the entrance: it may have been a holy-water stoop, or, it has been suggested, it may have been the font used by St. Columba.

Near the cave, in a field, is the ruin of a building which was once an old chapel dedicated to the Saint.

The territory of this ancient kingdom is rich in antiquarian remains, from pre-Dalriadic to later times. It ceased to be a separate kingdom in 741 when conquered by Angus MacFergus, King of the Picts.

THE EYES AND SPEARHEAD OF A MODERN NAVY: AIRCRAFT OF THE FLEET AIR ARM—A FORCE WHOSE DEVELOPMENT IS AN INDEX OF THE CHANGE IN NAVAL STRATEGY AND TACTICS.

Although in the great Naval Review at Spithead on June 15 the fly-past of the aircraft of the Fleet Air Arm took only a matter of minutes, the vital importance of this arm of the Service was shown in the fact that in the lines of warships of the Commonwealth there were present nine aircraft-carriers and only one battleship. The Fleet Air Arm is a completely integral part of the Royal Navy and is manned entirely by naval personnel. The main fighting rôle is, of course, filled by aircraft based on carriers, and since the first task of the Navy is the maintenance of free sea communications, that rôle is the battle against submarines and enemy aircraft. For the purpose of anti-submarine warfare the aircraft used are the *Gannet* (now on super-priority of production), the *Firefly*, the *Avenger* and the *Skyraider*. The next most important task of the Fleet Air Arm is the protection of convoys and the Fleet itself against air attack; and for this purpose are used principally the *Attacker* and the new jet, now coming into service, the Hawker *Sea Hawk*. For "all-weather" fighting, the two-seater *Sea Venoms* will in time replace the *Sea Hornets*. The third rôle of the Fleet Air Arm is to strike against any available target and the mainstay of the Navy's striking squadrons will be the Westland *Wyvern*, a fine, fast, manœuvrable aircraft with a *Python* turboprop engine. At the present time the *Fireflies* and the *Sea Furies* form the backbone of the Fleet Air Arm, but both are being gradually superseded. Most of the aircraft of the Fleet Air Arm are painted a dark grey above and a light sky-blue below. Training aircraft are finished in natural metal and the American-built *Skyraiders* are still painted black. A principal problem for the designers of naval aircraft is to get the new, fast turbojet and turboprop aircraft off the comparatively confined space of a carrier's flight-deck. A technique had also to be devised for getting aircraft home when the carrier is pitching and rolling; and gathering in a returning "strike" presents problems solved in the manner shown. It will be seen that as the "strike" comes over the carrier, the first squadron is signalled to land and detaches itself from the second (which continues to circle in the Group Circuit). Meanwhile, the first squadron detaches its first flight, which prepares to land (while the second flight still circles). The first flight goes into "line astern" formation and, with its units in correct spacing, lands aircraft by aircraft. This manœuvre is repeated until all are landed.

Drawn by our Special Artist, G. H. Davis, S.M.A., with the Co-operation of the Admiralty.

THE WORLD OF THE THEATRE.

TRIPPING HITHER.

By J. C. TREWIN

"TRIPPING hither, tripping thither, Nobody knows why or whither." Celia, Leila, Fleta and their peripatetic sisters from "Iolanthe" must always be my favourite fays. Oberon, Titania and the rest are "spirits of another sort": certainly I can not believe that Gilbert's Queen of the Fairies sat upon Titania's throne; there is some confusion here. Speaking for myself, I can not remember any other Immortals of the theatre that delight me so much as those Gilbertian peris, all destined to be Duchesses, Marchionesses, Countesses, Viscountesses and Baronesses where "up in the sky, ever so high, pleasures come in endless series." The Queen, we

"THE LORD CHANCELLOR GIVES A VERY NEAT, DRY PERFORMANCE": PETER PRATT AS THE LORD CHANCELLOR IN "IOLANTHE" (SADLER'S WELLS). MR. TREWIN SAYS THAT THIS IS A "GILBERT-AND-SULLIVAN REVIVAL OF REAL FRESHNESS—'GAMBOLLING UPON GOSSAMER' INDEED."

gather, is to be Mrs. Private Willis; but no one can imagine for a moment that this impressive monarch (still apostrophising Captain Shaw, "type of true love kept under") will ever sacrifice her regal state.

Returning from "Iolanthe," the first D'Oyly Carte revival of the new Sadler's Wells season, I tried to think of some other stage Immortals. They mustered promptly enough, from Robert Greene's Oberon (like Shakespeare's, "the rising sun doth call him hence away") to those curious beings in "The Foresters," when a great poet lost his sense of humour:

> Pertest of our flickering mob,
> Wouldst thou call my Oberon Ob?
>
> Nay and please your Elfin Grace,
> Never Ob before his face.

Always Gilbert's fairies get blithely in the way, tripping hither, tripping thither, nobody knows why or whither. They indulge in their vagaries "in a fashion most entrancing"; I doubt whether even Kipling's Puck, who refused to allow the People of the Hills to be muddled with "little buzzflies, with butterfly wings and gauze petticoats . . . that painty-winged, wand-waving, sugar-and-shake-your-head set of impostors," would have hardened his heart to Celia, Leila and Fleta.

"Tripping hither, tripping thither . . .": I must have been about eleven when I heard this first; like the rest of its opera it remains gummed in memory. Years flicked back at Sadler's Wells; there we were again (though nobody seemed to notice it) in a snug, early nineteen-twentyish provincial theatre, all gilding and mirrors; tramcars scraping outside; and within—on the stage, where the curtain representing a sanguinary Battle of Trafalgar had just been hauled from sight—the Gilbertian fairies in their Arcadian glade. On the previous evening we had had, at the same hour, the Gentlemen of Japan; on the evening ahead there would be those twenty love-sick maidens in the last throes of despair. High moment indeed for a fledgling Savoyard when the curtain lifts upon the comic operas that will become a part of himself.

We are still told, from time to time, that the Savoy operas could develop into a ritual for fanatics. But a good thing is no less good because it is popular; it is no less good because it is familiar. Just as some listeners affect to despise passages of Shakespeare because of their familiarity—John of Gaunt's "royal throne of kings" is described as hackneyed—so, for a few, Savoy Opera must be barred because its wit is permanent, its melodies endure, and it reaches us, year by year, to the "self-same tune and words." Never mind. Cheering on the first night at Sadler's Wells showed how little enthusiasts will worry.

There was a time, we admit, when any Gilbert and Sullivan revival seemed to be overwhelmed by tradition. Many of the great names—Henry Lytton, for one—had gone; the D'Oyly Carte company, except for such a master as Darrell Fancourt (now, alas, in his farewell season), had begun to waver; and we asked ourselves anxiously whether the machine was rusting. But, in recent years, "D'Oyly Carte" has glittered again: the present cast at Sadler's Wells offers as good an "Iolanthe" (except in the matter of diction) as any I remember, even though, watching and listening at the première with other eyes and ears, I seemed to discern a much earlier company of wraiths. Iolanthe herself—she is sung with charm by Joyce Wright—must always have for me a touch of Margaret Philo, and Private Willis something of Hilton Layland: two names from the "second" D'Oyly Carte company of the early nineteen-twenties.

It is needless to sentimentalise about Gilbert and Sullivan. The glory of the operas is their eternal freshness. Speech upon speech, song after song, appeared at Sadler's Wells to be new-born. Strephon's "So join in a measure expressive of pleasure," his speech about singing "songs of Arcadee" to the Lord Chancellor with flageolet accompaniment (this can be pointed better than at the Wells, where Alan Styler is more vocalist than actor); the majestic entry of the Peers—and why in the world should they not grace an Arcadian glade?—the lilt of the highly susceptible Chancellor, the second-act entry of the Fairies (and why in the world should they not grace Palace Yard?): as "Iolanthe" flitted on, one wondered yet again how theatre historians have the heart, even if it is their duty, to parse and analyse Gilbert's libretto and to sift that enchanted score. I began by envying people who were in a Gilbert-and-Sullivan audience for the first time; at the end I was feeling that it was my own first performance.

As a whole, this "Iolanthe"—Isidore Godfrey conducting—has both spirit and elegance; there are only one or two troubles. Peter Pratt, the new Lord Chancellor, gives a very neat, dry performance (note his intonation at the last in "Allow me, as an old Equity draughtsman, to make a suggestion"), and he enjoys the dancing flourish in "Faint heart never won fair lady"—almost as if the Victoria Tower were suddenly tossing up its heels. At the première he had not altogether got the pitch of Sadler's Wells: we missed a few words in the Nightmare Song. For once these are D'Oyly Carte principals a shade less audible than usual (something, I am sure, that will soon be righted). Iolanthe herself could not always be heard, and I was sorry that Ivor Evans, a vigorous Mountararat, "swallowed" the first lines of the third verse of "When Britain really ruled the waves":

> And while the House of Peers withholds
> Its legislative hand . . .

(The danger of writing about any Savoy opera is that one is tempted to quote too much of the libretto.) Tatiana Preston's Phyllis has a quick gaiety in the best part ever written for an Arcadian shepherdess who is a Ward in Chancery and engaged to two noblemen at once. But honours belong now to the Chancellor, to the admirably audible chorus of Dukes, Marquesses, Earls, Viscounts, Barons and Fairies, and to Ann Drummond-Grant, a royal Fairy Queen: this is not one of the parts (Lady Jane and Katisha, for example) in which we feel that Gilbert is pounding too hard a not-very-rich joke. Altogether, a heartening first night. On now to "The Mikado" (and to Peter Goffin's new sets).

Gilbert-and-Sullivan, in the past, has had quite a few stabs from the librettists of intimate revue, though so far we have not found the makings of another Gilbert among our younger lyric-writers, the nine-o'clock-to-midnight, club-theatre party. (What about an intimate revue from Sir Alan Herbert?) Although the Savoy operas are not perforated in "Set to Music" at the New Watergate, many other things are—from 3-D, with a witty Paul Dehn lyric, to intimate revue itself—and it is worth a visit to

AFTER THE WEDDING PETRUCHIO TAMES KATHARINA BY TEMPTING HER WITH FOOD WHICH HE DOESN'T ALLOW HER TO EAT: KATHARINA (YVONNE MITCHELL) AND PETRUCHIO (MARIUS GORING) IN A SCENE FROM GEORGE DEVINE'S PRODUCTION OF SHAKESPEARE'S "THE TAMING OF THE SHREW" AT STRATFORD-UPON-AVON.

Buckingham Street not only for the evening's good cheer (observe Ivan Staff as a young man "in love with B flat"), but also for the pleasure of the new club theatre itself. The Watergate, under Norman Marshall, is now both elegant and comfortable. As for the revue—well, its authors "think of things that would astonish you."

My space has run out, so I cannot return (as I had hoped) to the Stratford "Taming of the Shrew." But, since quoting from "Iolanthe" is the thing this week, let me say that any Savoy-minded visitor who watches Yvonne Mitchell's Kate before she yields to Marius Goring's Petruchio, may catch a distant echo of the Fairy Queen's speech: "If I yielded to a natural impulse, I should fall down and worship that man. But I mortify this inclination: I wrestle with it, and it lies beneath my feet."

OUR CRITIC'S FIRST-NIGHT JOURNAL.

"SET TO MUSIC" (New Watergate).—This theatre club in Buckingham Street, Strand, charmingly renovated, opens with a happy and not-too-long intimate revue, by Diana Morgan, Robert MacDermot, Ronnie Hill and others, that has the benefit of Norman Marshall's shrewd direction. (*June* 9.)

"FULL TIDE" (Q).—A three-act drama, in which the author, Tomasine Clay, having said, apparently, all she intends to say in the course of two fairly serviceable acts, stops suddenly after a third act that lasts for a quarter of an hour. The effect is odd. (*June* 16-21.)

"IOLANTHE" (Sadler's Wells).—The peers and the peris in a Gilbert-and-Sullivan revival of real freshness: "gambolling upon gossamer" indeed. (*June* 22.)

VARIETY (Palladium).—An American act, Dean Martin and Jerry Lewis, which occupies most of the second half of a pleasant bill, leaves us almost as limp with exhaustion as the resourceful artists appear to be. (*June* 22.)

AN IMPRESSIVE PRODUCTION AT GLYNDEBOURNE: GLUCK'S "ALCESTE."

ALCESTIS APPROACHING THE ENTRANCE TO HADES: MME. MAGDA LASZLO IN THE NAME-PART OF THE GLYNDEBOURNE OPERA PRODUCTION OF GLUCK'S "ALCESTE."

THE CEREMONIAL OFFERING TO APOLLO, WHO IS REPRESENTED BY A HUGE STATUE IN THE ARCHAIC GREEK MANNER: THE HIGH PRIEST (JOHN CAMERON) IS OFFICIATING (CENTRE).

ADMETUS (RICHARD LEWIS) AND *ALCESTIS* (MAGDA LASZLO) REUNITED WITH THEIR CHILDREN. *HERCULES* (THOMAS HEMSLEY) IS SHOWN ON THE LEFT.

IN HONOUR OF THE ROYAL RETURN TO HEALTH: RITUAL CEREMONIAL DANCERS IN FRONT OF *ADMETUS* (RICHARD LEWIS) AND *ALCESTIS* (MAGDA LASZLO).

Gluck's "Alceste," with libretto by Calzabigi, which was originally produced in Vienna on December 16, 1767, and presented in Paris (adapted by du Rollet) on April 3, 1776, was given this season at Glyndebourne in the French version, produced by Carl Ebert, conductor Vittorio Gui. The opening night was on June 7, and the last performance is due to-night, July 4. Our photographs illustrate the admirable and dignified classical setting by Sir Hugh Casson, and costumes by Rosemary Vercoe. Magda Laszlo has not only sung extremely well, but looked magnificent, and John Cameron has been impressive as the High Priest and *Apollo*. One of the features of the production is provided by the ballets, which form an integral part of the action. The other operas presented in Glyndebourne's Coronation Year season, which continues until July 26, are "La Cenerentola," "Ariadne auf Naxos," "Cosi fan Tutte" and "Die Entführung aus dem Serail."

THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.

TORTOISE TANGO AND DOG DANCE.

By MAURICE BURTON, D.Sc.

SOME time ago I received a letter from Mr. Cecil H. Lay, F.R.I.B.A., giving a description of a ceremonial dance by his tortoise. With his permission, I would like to quote extensively from his letter: "Every year between the middle of May and the middle of June, according to weather conditions, my thirty-year-old male tortoise (*Testudo ibera*) executes what appears to be a love-dance on a patch of ground some 40 ft. square. As I have never seen any mention of such a dance in any book, I thought the subject might be interesting to you. Each year I have intended to have a photograph taken of the impressed pattern, which is regular and rhythmic, made on the soil by this dance; but I am not a photographer myself and it has been overlooked. This year, although the dance has been executed as usual the soil is too covered with weeds for the pattern to show properly." Mr. Lay did, however, enclose a sketch.

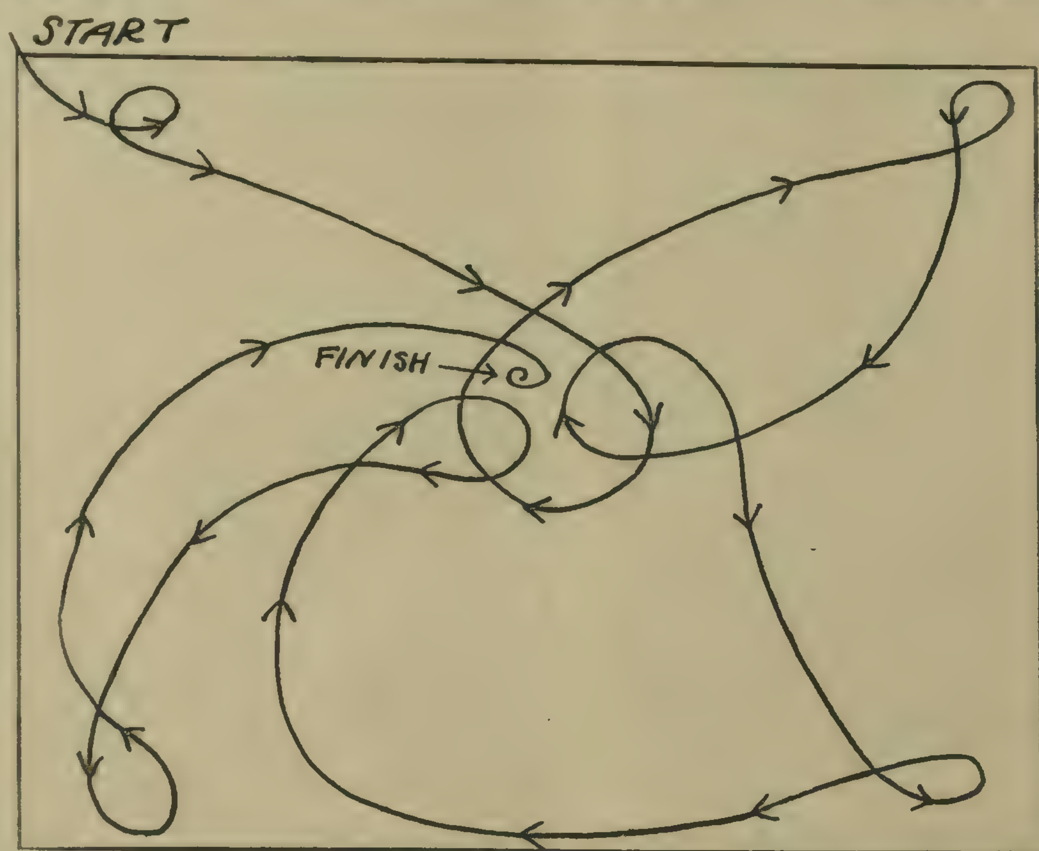
Certainly I was interested; it so happens that in the last few years I have had occasion to search the literature for information on the courtship behaviour of tortoises and have found nothing at all to compare with the dance described by Mr. Lay. The butting behaviour is, of course, well known, and it has been assumed by all writers I have read, that the total of courtship display consisted in the male butting the female in the side with his head. A solitary male will butt anything it can find, such as a wooden box, the leg of a deck-chair, and so on. There is always the possibility that the ceremonial dance may have been recorded and that I had overlooked it or failed to find such a record. Accordingly I have submitted this account to those in this country who have a special interest in tortoises or their behaviour, and so far have found nobody who has seen anything to compare with this dance. Meanwhile, I had written to Mr. Lay for further details.

In his reply he remarked: "I should like to point out emphatically that the beauty of the pattern made in the dance is very much improved by the marks of the four feet. . . . It seems that the tortoise takes his bearings carefully before starting to dance and adjusts his pattern to fit the size of the dancing floor. I fail to see any practical advantage in this for him, so am compelled to think he is an artist, and one, to change the metaphor, who composes his picture on a canvas of a given size; but I am guessing. . . . Perhaps it is worth while remarking that in spring, after hibernation, my tortoise, whenever he escapes from the walled-in garden, invariably goes south, but this does not apply in autumn. . . . Possibly the reason why the dance has not been observed before is that tortoises are all too often kept in confined spaces or, worse, they are tethered. Moreover, and this seems more likely, they are nearly always seen on grass or on a hard surface which does not provide an impression. My tortoise is lucky in that he has liberty within a large garden and a suitable square of soft soil on which to perform."

There is little more to be said, at the moment, about this highly interesting set of observations, except to recall that it accords with what is known of ceremonial dances by many species of birds immediately prior to the breeding season. It is also worth recalling that birds are presumed to be of reptilian descent. So, too, are mammals, but there is much less evidence of similar behaviour in them, although every now and then one comes across an isolated record in the literature, of organised, if not ceremonial, activity. It is appropriate, therefore, to deal with another letter now, which, to use the modern idiom, I have been keeping on ice. This was from Mr. G. A. A. Wright. In it he tells how, some years ago, in India, he was cycling along a dusty road, coasting down an incline. Turning a bend in the road, his wheels making no noise in the thick dust, he interrupted the organised game of some wild dogs. I wrote to him for further details, and the description of what he saw is best given in the amplified remarks contained in this second letter. And again I take the liberty of quoting extensively. "The leader of the pack stood still in the middle of the government road. Other six or eight dogs ran in a circle round the leader. The diameter of the circle was about the width of the road. The dogs were evenly spaced round the perimeter of the circle. Another set of dogs, of approximately equal numbers and similarly spaced, ran on the same circumference of the circle but in the opposite direction. When two dogs met, one gracefully jumped over the other and proceeded on his way. It was like children dancing round the maypole but, instead of winding to right and left, leap-frogging over each other. I have the impression that one set of dogs—I think those going anti-clockwise—did all the jumping, but of this I can not be certain." It only remains to add that Mr. Wright had but a brief view of the dogs, who dispersed when they became aware of his presence.

Here again we have a highly interesting story, difficult to interpret. It recalls the follow-my-leader played by a dozen squirrels, running round and round in a circle in a large spreading oak in winter. This I saw for myself. There is, too, a strong similarity with the well-known racing rings of roedeer. Both of these are to be associated with the breeding season. It is closer still to Schweinfurth's account of hartebeest "running around a clump of trees in couples, like horses in a circus [while], others, in groups of three or four stood by, interested spectators . . . in turn to take their places and run round two at a time, in their own circuit and in the same fashion." Whether this had anything to do with a courtship ceremonial is impossible to say.

I am well aware that unusual stories of animal behaviour, especially those similar to Mr. Wright's account of the wild dogs, are apt to be received with scepticism. This is not so much because they are, *ipso facto*, impossible, but because our knowledge of them is dependent upon such isolated examples. That is where my own observation of the squirrels serves, for me at all events, as a yard-stick. I have only once seen this. It lasted for probably less than a minute—I was much too fascinated by it to think to time it accurately—and it was by the purest accident that I was in that place and looking that way at the particular moment that I saw it. It happened several years ago, and I have again and again asked naturalists and others whether they have seen such a performance. Several have seen two, three, or even four squirrels behaving like this, but I have yet to meet someone who had seen a full dozen perform in this way. There were, moreover, three witnesses with me to corroborate my observation.



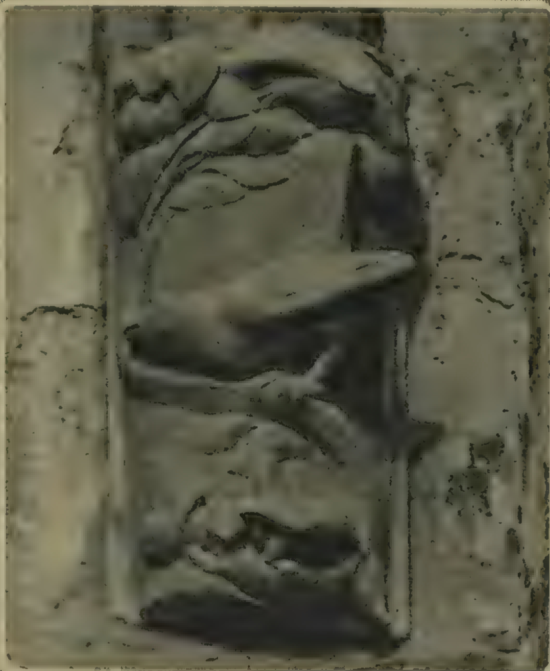
THE ANNUAL CEREMONIAL DANCE OF A GARDEN TORTOISE: A DIAGRAM OF THE PATTERN TRACED IN A 40-FT. SQUARE OF SOFT EARTH.

The Greek tortoise, one of the two garden tortoises, has never earned a reputation for agility, and its movements have the appearance of being erratic. It seems possible, however, that it is capable of a rhythmic behaviour expressed in a stereotyped pattern (with which we have become very familiar in recent years in birds). It is usually assumed that the courtship of a tortoise is restricted to butting with the head; but this diagram (sent in by Mr. Lay and discussed in the article) recalls the familiar "stamping-ground" of other and higher animals.

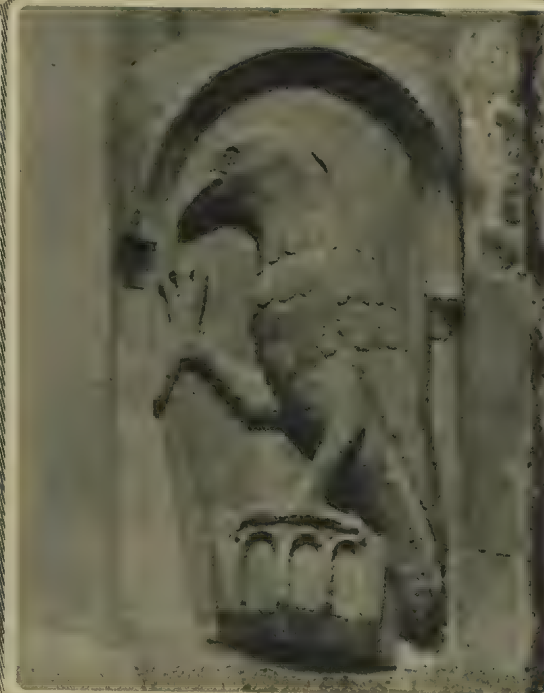
THREE GARDEN TORTOISES OF THE TYPE DISCUSSED IN THE ARTICLE, HERE SEEN WALKING TOGETHER IN THE SUNLIGHT.

Photograph by courtesy of the Zoological Society of London.

THE BIRDS OF WINCHESTER CATHEDRAL, PORTRAYED IN NEW CARVINGS.



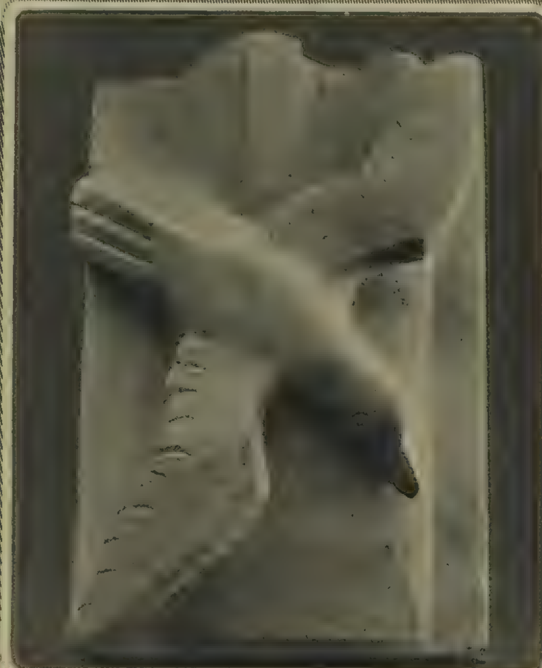
A BLACKBIRD AND A WREN: ONE OF THE NEW DRIPSTONE TERMINALS OF WINCHESTER CATHEDRAL.



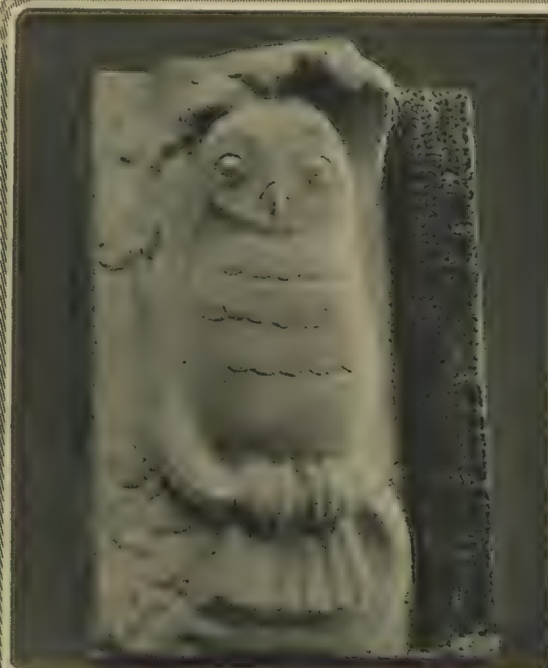
A JACKDAW TERMINAL. JACKDAWS NEST IN THE WALL NEAR THE SOUTH DOOR OF WINCHESTER CATHEDRAL.

A THRUSH AND A ROBIN IN A LILAC-TREE—BIRDS EPITOMISING SPRING IN THE CLOSE.

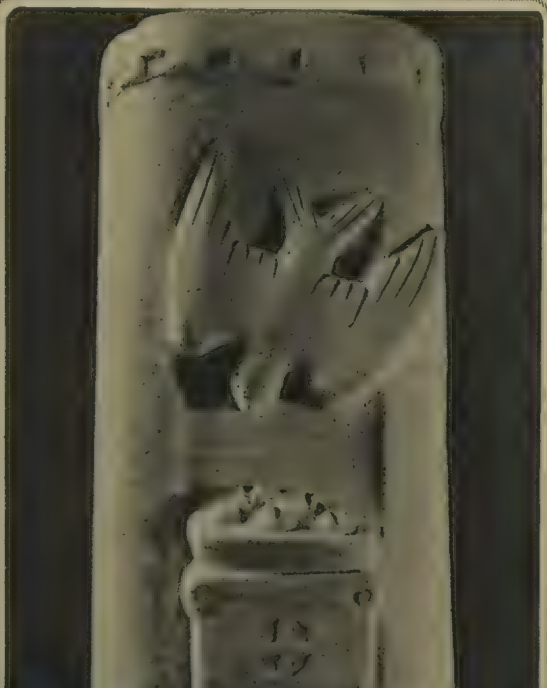
ONE OF THE CATHEDRAL'S NEW DRIPSTONES—A KESTREL. KESTRELS NEST IN THE TOWER AND AT THE EAST END.



A SEAGULL. GULLS FREQUENTLY FLY OVER THE CATHEDRAL AND SYMBOLISE ITS LINK WITH THE SEA.



AN OWL ON A SPRAY OF IVY. ALL THE BIRDS SHOWN ARE IN SOME WAY ASSOCIATED WITH THE CATHEDRAL.



"THE SWALLOW [HATH FOUND] A NEST FOR HERSELF, WHERE SHE MAY LAY HER YOUNG, EVEN THINE ALTARS."

A SWIFT, ON A DRIPSTONE. ALL THESE NEW TERMINALS HAVE BEEN DESIGNED BY MR. ALAN DURST, A.R.A.

A PAIR OF WOODPECKERS IN A MULBERRY-TREE—AN ALMOST HERALDIC COMPOSITION OF FORMS.

In general, the glorious stone carvings for which Winchester Cathedral is noted lie within the Cathedral, the exterior of which is notably austere, massive and plain. Recently, however, new sculpture, replacing that which had perished, has been added to the dripstones of the windows on the south side of the Nave. Dripstones are those stone mouldings which run on the wall immediately above a window to throw off the rain from the window itself; and their terminals have for long provided suitable places for the fancy of sculptors and stone-carvers. The terminals we show have been designed by Mr. Alan Durst, A.R.A., and all represent birds which are associated with the Cathedral and Close, where most of them nest and live. In addition, they evoke—particularly the swallow—the feeling of Psalm 84 and particularly the verse (part-quoted above) which runs: "Yea, the sparrow hath found an house, and the swallow a nest for herself, where she may lay her young, even Thine altars, O Lord of Hosts, my King, and my God."

NOTES FOR THE NOVEL-READER.

NOVEL OF THE WEEK.

THIS week the first thing to acknowledge is a gift from the past. In **"Tales of Moorland and Estuary"** (Macdonald; 12s. 6d.), Henry Williamson has not merely "returned to the kind of writing which brought him fame"; he has looked through old stores, and made another volume of the findings. Some of these tales have been revised, some finished off, but all belong in substance to his early period; all are North Devon and post-war. Post-war not merely in their date, which is the early 'twenties, but in their inspiration. This has three strains: bitter rejection of the "world," joy in escape and liberty, and a minute and gloating fondness for the "natural," whether in man or beast, or simply in environment.

Of course, this final quality is his exceeding charm. Where he is deeply interested, he is hypnotic. Tales like "The Heller" or "A Hero of the Sands" nail one enthralled to every circumstance. The latter, which is a story of dogs fighting, has a unique appeal, for it is truly, positively mirthful. We are surprised, as by a burst of sun on a grey day; for in this writer gaiety is a mood so rare that one might class it as beyond his scope. Nor could the world of men ever release it. In the natural world, whatever is is right, and therefore fascinating and restorative, but to the expert eye it is no joke. Some of these natural goings-on—in "The White Stoat," for instance—are the stuff of nightmare, and one can hardly see why Mr. Williamson prefers them to the social round. Once on a time, he says, the grimmer stories had no hope; editors threw them back, and begged him to be more agreeable. Now we don't mind a bit. Yet even now "The Yellow Boots"—a horrible moral tale of an escaping convict—should be marked X for the weak-nerved. Horror apart, I don't much care for it; none of the moralising themes have the same grip as the pure nature-studies, whether of beasts or men. But all have the known character and ring: the ample gait, the feel of personality and solitude and, I must add, the slightly lowering effect.

OTHER FICTION.

Then come two novels one might be apt to shun at sight. The hero of the first is a young art student, at grips with poverty and adolescence in a provincial town, and hopelessly in love with a much older woman. A spineless, hackneyed theme—so one might think. But **"A Short Lease,"** by Ernest Frost (John Lehmann; 12s. 6d.), proves to be nothing of the kind. It has backbone; and so, with all his daydreams and romantic anguish, has young Harry Cull.

He is nineteen, just finishing his course, and then, apparently, doomed to a job with City Signs, Ltd. His one chance was the Slade, and the one scholarship has gone to Vivian Maxwell—slick, slightly devilish and second-rate—who could presumably have done without. For Maxwell's father is well off, while Granny Cull has to take in the neighbours' washing. Harry could stomach the reverse—and there are times when drab old Duttonbrook is so transfigured by the radiance of youth and art that he can see no point in leaving it. But he detests the flash young man, not for his luck but for being second-rate. He is a good deal of a puritan: partly from birth and partly as becomes his age, but even more out of hostility to his dead father. Roland was flash—a singing, pub-crawling apostle of the "thumping heart," adored by all, and so embracingly benevolent that he had no time for his wife and son. Harry believes his mother died of it, and his own stiffness is reaction. He has one bosom crony—a pretty, precious youth who spends his days mewed up in a fantastic tower, writing a novel without end. But their alliance is a little weary; they are both ready to move on, only they need a jolt. For Harry it is Judith Aston, the white-faced, icy little wife of a new friend, who runs a laundry and has a cult of Roland Cull. For Peter—such are the ironies of fate—it is the flash young man. Peter is smoothly, comically changed, while Harry fights his way through all the agonies and raptures of one-sided love.

It is the density that strikes one most. Fluid, romantic youth has its full range, but in the thick of an objective world. The Aston family—Judith and Tom, Gilda, the mother's help, Ben the mysterious, ebullient "stranger"—do not exist for Harry or through Harry's eyes, but disconcertingly in their own right. The town and the long pageant of the summer are completely there. And in this dazzlingly solid world he is a real young man, with nerve, intelligence and humour—not a mere green-sick "sensitive."

"Port of Call," by Maxwell Griffith (Robert Hale; 10s. 6d.), may also give some readers the alarm. It is about three days in the "shake-down cruise" of an American aircraft-carrier. True, they are not going into "combat," which is some relief. But on the other hand, large numbers will be going ashore, and we expect a violent saturnalia—drink and aggression run amok. That is precisely what occurs. They spend the first day at their Cuban base. The second is the day of liberty, when they rush off to town, for twelve unbridled hours ending with murder in a bar and a pitched battle with the citizens. And on the morrow all is quiet again, but for a practice flight and a young pilot's death. It is not merely interesting but sympathetic; and its naïve barbarians on the loose are sometimes riotously funny, often pathetic, only in rare cases dislikeable and, on the whole, simply a bunch of innocents abroad.

"Jenkin's Green," by Ralph Arnold (Heinemann; 10s. 6d.), starts with a firm of publishers and a debate on "Jenkin's Green"—a new, anonymous detective story. Then they go on to bigger stuff. Oliver Heritage, England's chief literary boast, is meditating a biography of Sir Hercules Crow, the first, eccentric, husband of his own fascinating wife. The chairman of the firm has the Crow diaries, and sends a young man down with them—and, incidentally, with "Jenkin's Green"—to show to the Chief Constable of Grebeshire. The Interpreter's House, last haunt of elegance and letters, has only one plebeian inmate: the old Crow's former secretary, known as Spot. She is not there for long; and, to be brief: Who put the Somnox in the milk? Of course, we know that "Jenkin's Green" will connect up. The story is original on normal lines, well written, taking and amusing.—K. JOHN.

CHESS NOTES.

By BARUCH H. WOOD, M.Sc.

AT the risk of sticking out my neck (call it cervical protrusion, if you dislike Americanisms), I am prepared to state as my belief that no country in the world is so rich in young near-masters as Britain. Year after year we see hundreds of extremely promising players develop from the schools and Universities, only (very sensibly, I admit, though I admit it with a pang) to drop serious play almost entirely and concentrate on their professions.

The Premier Reserves tournament at Ilford's recent congress saw some delightful efforts by our younger players.

Black (Truscott) has just retired his bishop from B4 to K3. He is not a bit worried about the obvious reply, R–K1, which he is prepared to counter by ... K–B2. But White (Woolverton) plays **1. Kt×P!** As pretty a move as I've seen for a long time, putting two pieces *en prise* at once. If now 1.... Q×B; 2. Kt–B7ch and 3. Kt×Q. That's quite O.K. If, on the other hand, 1.... **B×Kt**; **Q–R5ch** forks king and bishop. Ah, but Black can save his bishop by replying **2.... B–B2**...? Then White has **3. B×Ktch, P×B; 4. Q×Q!**

Black saw all this and, cogitating the situation coolly, discovered a good fighting resource. 1.... **Castles (Queen's side).** White's two pieces are still *en prise*, so **2. B×Kt, P×B.** Now he continued **3. Kt–Kt4** but after **3.... Q–Kt3** could find nothing better than **4. K–R1**, since 4.... P–QB4 is threatened and 5. P–B3, P–QB4; 6. Kt–B2 allows—even stronger than 6.... Q×P, which leaves Black's king dangerously exposed after an eventual R–QKt1—6.... B–Kt6. After 17.... **R×P** the game, now even again, wended its way along to a draw, White's brilliance cancelled out by Black's coolness.

Had White been as cool as Black, he would have prevailed, I think; for 3. Kt–B4 (instead of 3. Kt–Kt4) seems to gain, by attacking the unsupported bishop, just that precious time he needs to safeguard his centre. If the attacked bishop moves, say, 3 ... B–B5, then White has the new joy of a potential check on his KKt4.

* * * *

Our eyes fixed ever on the future, we rarely "hark back" in these Notes; but it seems churlish not to acknowledge the interest and awareness of those many readers who have written in to tell us that Commander Laing's "mate in one" problem (May 2, 1953) was not sound: Black's last move could have been by his king, moving out of a queen check.

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

CARPE DIEM.

OUR civilisation is for the most part urban, hectic and unlovely. Yet there are many signs that not only the old but the young, many of whom have never enjoyed more of country life than is flimsily outlined in a day on Hampstead Heath or a week at Brighton, are reaching out, as it were instinctively, to the country sports and pleasures which used to be a universal heritage in these islands. Camping, cycling, the new popularity of riding clubs, are all significant of this healthier and happier trend in our habits—none more so than the increase in anglers and angling clubs of all kinds. "Huntin', shootin' and fishin'" has for some decades been used as a derogatory term for wealthy idlers whose pastimes were as luxurious as their vices. We have, thank God, changed most of that. The three most characteristic of the British field sports are now being kept alive by those who have not, and never had, much money to spend. It is time to replace the clipped final "g," which signifies nothing but an Edwardian sneer as dead as Edwardian snobbery.

All of us, and not only anglers, have been fortunate in the literature of angling. What is there about this kindly, reflective, philosophic and poetic occupation which appeals to mankind in general and not to enthusiasts in particular? I wish that Mr. Bernard Venables, in his excellent contribution on **"Fishing"** to **"British Sports, Past and Present"** (Batsford; 16s.), had elaborated his introduction. Here he suggests that it is the "mystery of inhabited water" that is responsible for calling up in world-weary adults the enchantment which they experienced in childhood from all created things. "The poet, the philosopher, and the naturalist will be on common ground; they may be equally drawn on." And in conclusion he quotes from the greatest of all writers on angling: "'Angling is somewhat like poetry, men are to be born so,' said Izaak Walton, and that is about the truth of it. In all these vessels, probable and improbable, is to be found this measure of lyricism, philosophy, call it what you will. In all of them there is this little divinity of instinct." I would add that there is more than a little "divinity of writing" in these pages, and that the author's theme is admirably carried out by his own line-drawing illustrations.

Mr. Venables has much to say of the exploits of Mr. Richard Walker, the great authority on carp-fishing, who, in September last year, caught a monster weighing 44 lb. and presented it to the aquarium at the London Zoo. I must remember to go and see it there, because from Mr. Walker's account of its capture in his **"Still-Water Angling"** (Macgibbon and Kee; 18s.) and from the photographs which illustrate his text, I feel that this spectacular creature has now become an old friend. About the carp in general, Mr. Walker writes practically, Mr. Venables delicately, the late Mr. Izaak Walton cautiously ("And my first direction is, that if you will fish for *Carp*, you must put on a very large measure of *patience*. . . ."), but Mr. Arthur Ransome lyrically: "A true record of the life of an habitual carp-fisher would be a book to set beside De Quincey's 'Confessions of an Opium-Eater,' a book of taut nerves, of hallucinations, of a hypnotic state (it is possible to stare a float into invisibility), Japanese in character, of great, blunt-headed, golden fish, in golden spray, curving in the air under sprays of weeping willow, and then rare moments when this long-drawn-out tautness of expectation is resolved into a frenzy of action." Mr. Ransome's analogy has been adopted as the theme for a book by "B.B.", Mr. Denys Watkins-Pitchford, founder-member with Mr. Walker of the Carp Catchers' Club. This is a club which Mr. Venables and Mr. Walker between them almost tempt one to join. But there remains Mr. Walton and his emphatic italics: "*patience*. . . ." *Carpe*, if I may say so, *diem*!

Mr. Dillon Ripley has written a book called **"Search for the Spiny Babbler: Bird Hunting in Nepal"** (Gollancz; 14s.). At first this title startled me with an odd sense of incongruity. Surely Mr. Ripley, I thought, is a bit mixed in his geography—or has he spent a convivial evening with my friend "Beachcomber"? The title (but not the book) belongs to that serio-comic tradition of "fur and feather" literature whose original gush has now been reduced to a thin trickle. It is out of place in relation to Nepal, for the imagination boggles thus: "There's a spotted python—isn't he a pretty little fellow? And there's *dear* little *Mrs.* cobra. . . ." But all this does Mr. Ripley a grave injustice. His style is good, straightforward American, and his book is full of interest and variety. I doubt if the Spotted Babbler alone could have held my inexpert attention for long (Mr. Ripley found the thing on pp. 148-149), but there is so much good observation of people and conditions, as well as of what Mr. Belloc called "creatures curious, rare and wild," that I found the whole account most readable.

Fishes, birds—and now flowers. Another book which I took up with some misgiving was Miss Dorothea Eastwood's **"Mirror of Flowers"** (Verschoyle; 21s.), and again I enjoyed a delightful surprise. Miss Eastwood writes not for the expert, but for the inexpert, not for botanists, but for the "botanophils"—for those, that is, who "are interested in wild flowers, and would like to know more about them, but who can't remember their scientific names and don't particularly want to." (I do not—and it is the only complaint I have to make about this book—greatly care about being labelled a "botanophil"; it sounds too like a rather common specimen of some dusty and colourless weed.) Miss Eastwood's sense of humour is as enchanting as her enthusiasm. She dislikes "botanists" quite as much as I do: "Quite suddenly the Scottish botanist fell upon her knees with a piercing cry of '*Blysmus rufus*, at last!' Immediately there was a stampede of botanists quite alarming in its rush. The Botanical Hats flapped wildly in the wind, the vascula bumped and clattered, the Botanical Legs twinkled over the beach. Then, with added screams, the entire company flung itself upon its knees, yea, even upon its stomach, while the Eldest Botanist of All uplifted her voice in a Te Deum, chanting exultingly: 'The expedition is made! The expedition is made!' . . . It was not so fearfully rare after all. Yet the botanists had been utterly abandoned to delight. Even now I do not know why." But the author is not merely charming and witty at the expense of the stilted and the sententious. She herself loves her subject and communicates that love to her readers, together with much rare and curious information. E. D. O'BRIEN.

"BRITISH LIFE": A LONDON ART EXHIBITION DEVOTED TO OURSELVES AND OUR WAYS.

"THE LAWN AT GOODWOOD": BY FRANK WALTON (1840–1928) AND J. WALTER WILSON. THE PRINCE OF WALES (EDWARD VII.) IS IN THE CENTRE OF THE LAWN; GENERAL LORD WOLSELEY (BEARDED) IN THE CARRIAGE AND SIR ARTHUR SULLIVAN AND MME. ADELINA PATTI JUST ABOVE HIM. *(Canvas; 35½ by 60 ins.) (Lent by Mr. Ralph Dutton.)*

"LEAVING FOR THE CRIMEA": BY SIR JOHN EVERETT MILLAIS, BART., P.R.A. (1829–1896), SIGNED WITH MONOGRAM "J.M." *(Oil on panel; 5⅞ by 4½ ins.) (Lent by Mr. Gilbert Davis.)*

"THE CATHCART FAMILY": BY DAVID ALLAN (1744–1796). THE FIRST CRICKET MATCH TO BE PLAYED IN SCOTLAND IS DEPICTED IN THE DISTANCE, IN THE GROUNDS OF SCHAW PARK, THE CATHCART SEAT. *(Canvas; 47½ by 61½ ins.) (Lent by Earl Cathcart.)*

"THE FIRST OF SEPTEMBER": BY ROBERT W. BUSS (1804–1875). *(Canvas; 22 by 29 ins.) (Lent by the Hon. Mrs. Basil Ionides.)*

"A CHANNEL CROSSING": BY JOSEPH CLARENDON SMITH (1778–1810). IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY FIVE HOURS OR MORE WAS AN ORDINARY ALLOWANCE FOR A CROSSING IN A FAIR WIND. SIGNED "J. C. SMITH." *(Water-colour; 11 by 14 ins.) (Lent by Sir Bruce S. Ingram.)*

"THE PINEAPPLE PICTURE": BY HENRY DANCKERTS (1630–1678). "MR. ROSE, THE ROYAL GARDENER, PRESENTING TO KING CHARLES 2ND THE FIRST PINEAPPLE RAISED IN ENGLAND." *(Canvas; 37 by 44½ ins.) (Lent by the Marchioness of Cholmondeley.)*

"British Life, an exhibition of Paintings Showing Life in Britain from the reign of Queen Elizabeth I. to the Coronation of Queen Elizabeth II.," at the New Burlington Galleries, was arranged by the Arts Council for Coronation Year as it was felt that the subject matter would provide enjoyment, information and amusement for visitors from overseas. It is equally amusing and interesting to the native British and, indeed, is a display which should not be missed. Mr. Brinsley Ford, who is almost entirely responsible for the choice of works on view, visited many private collections in his search for the interesting and unusual. He has also written the notes on the exhibits in the excellent catalogue, which add greatly to the enjoyment of a visit to the exhibition, which will continue till July 11. The painting of "The Lawn at Goodwood" is shown with a key which gives the names of all sixty-four persons portrayed.

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